Fit "TripleX" -and be safe FRAZER NASH do

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLIII No. 1996 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 23 1938

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES

DE RESZKE —of course!

CLARET!

What is SAUTERNES?

A descriptive booklet (not a price list) will be sent post free on application to Bordeaux Agents Association, 17, Harp Lane, London, E.C.3.

Nature's remedy—

"APENTA"

NATURAL APERIENT WATER

For Constipation and Liver Disorders.

Obtainable from all Chemists.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL *Mineral Water*

PREVENTS THE FORMATION OF URIC ACID — Drink it at Meals and during the day — *Obtainable Everywhere*

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

RONUK SANITARY POLISHES

SUPREME FOR FLOORS & FURNITURE

GOLD MEDAL OF 17th INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF MEDICINE
BLUE SEAL CERTIFICATE OF ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH & HYGIENE, AND NINE MEDALS OF ROYAL SANITARY INSTITUTE

halt for a HENNESSY ★★★ BRANDY *preferred for its "clean flavour"*

Grant's Scotch Whisky

A Child's Gratitude

We wish that *you* could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 have been ensured a happier life. YOU can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a gift to-day to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt.

N·S·P·C·C

Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2

PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

ANCIEN FOURNISSEUR DE SA MAJESTÉ L'EMPEREUR

V.O. THREE STAR (20 Years Old)
V.S.O.P. (30 Years Old)
V.V.O. (40 Years Old)

BY APPOINTMENT

VINTAGE 1893
VINTAGE 1884
VINTAGE 1875
NAPOLEON (80 Years Old)

THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON · STANDS FOR QUALITY ·

THIS photographic illustration and the one below, show two views of Emile's newest coiffure. It can be adapted to suit women of every type and colouring, or, if you prefer it, Emile will create a new hair style specially to suit you. Emile is a supreme hair artist who believes that every woman can emphasise her individual type, and express her own personality, by the way she dresses her hair.

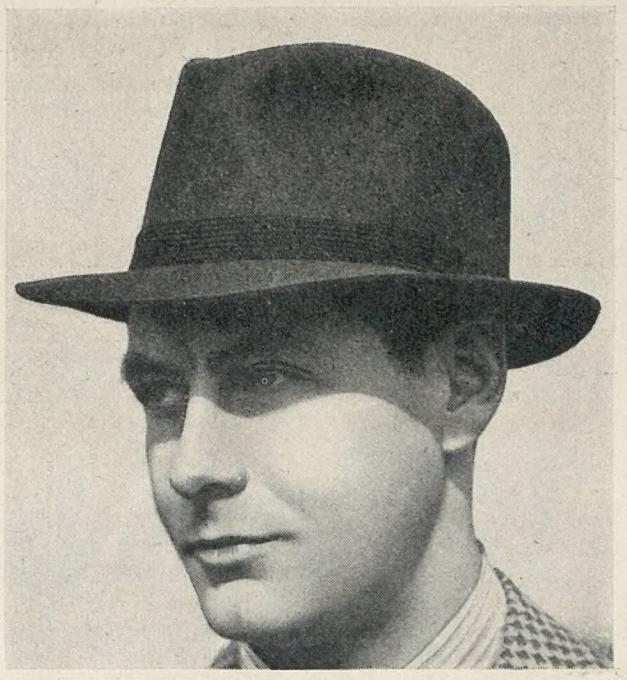
Emile's fame is international. If you mention the name of Emile in any of the five Continents, the leaders of fashion who hear it will know at once who and what it represents. They will know that besides creating the exquisite original coiffures, which become fashion's inspiration, he is an incomparable expert, too, in the art of hair-tinting, dyeing, postiche-making and hair-setting. If you have not yet consulted Emile about *your* hair you should do so immediately.

EMILE LTD.

24/25, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

'Grams: "Ondulateur, Piccy, London."

'Phone: Mayfair 6263



HATS FOR MEN

BY APPOINTMENT Henry Heath Ltd

105-109, OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Into the paddock, down the fairway, over hill and down dale on horseback, across the moors with the guns, goes the Henry Heath "Souci," the hat for every sporting occasion. Light and comfortable, it remains unperturbed by the strongest wind. And for those who like a quiet life, it adds elegance and comfort to a country ramble.

"Souci" Regd. Mixture Sports Felt - 15/-

Colours: Heather Green, Medium Grey, Light Brown, and Air Force Blue.

Two Player's—both champions

They're the Players to have on your side whether for winning matches or for pleasure . . . . . but champions don't grow overnight, so when it's a matter of a good Cigarette—"Medium" or "Mild"—have the benefit of the long experience and fine material which goes to the making of the champion . . . . . say Player's Please.

IF YOU SMOKE CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES, THE MILD CORK TIPPED WILL PLEASE YOU

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

10-6D 20-11½D

N.C.C. 418K

A useful SPORTING Diary for 1938 . . .

The 1938 edition of "The Sporting and Dramatic" Fixture Pocket Diary contains much information useful to the Sportsman and Motorist. It is bound in leatherette. Copies can be obtained from The Publisher (address below).

6D. post free

The Illustrated SPORTING and DRAMATIC News

32/34 ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

AUSTRALIA

TRAVEL BY

THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS

of the

ORIENT LINE,

calling at

GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.

Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA

Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.

SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS

to

RIVIERA, ITALY, EGYPT.

Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.

Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

ASTHMA

[New Low Price of 4/-]

Made Possible by Increased Demand.

Sufferers from Asthma paroxysms the world over find the HIMROD famous formula is the one that gives them blessed relief. Relaxes bronchial tubes; relieves difficult breathing and that dreadful gasping. Used for 65 years. Ask for HIMROD'S at your chemist.

HIMROD'S CURE

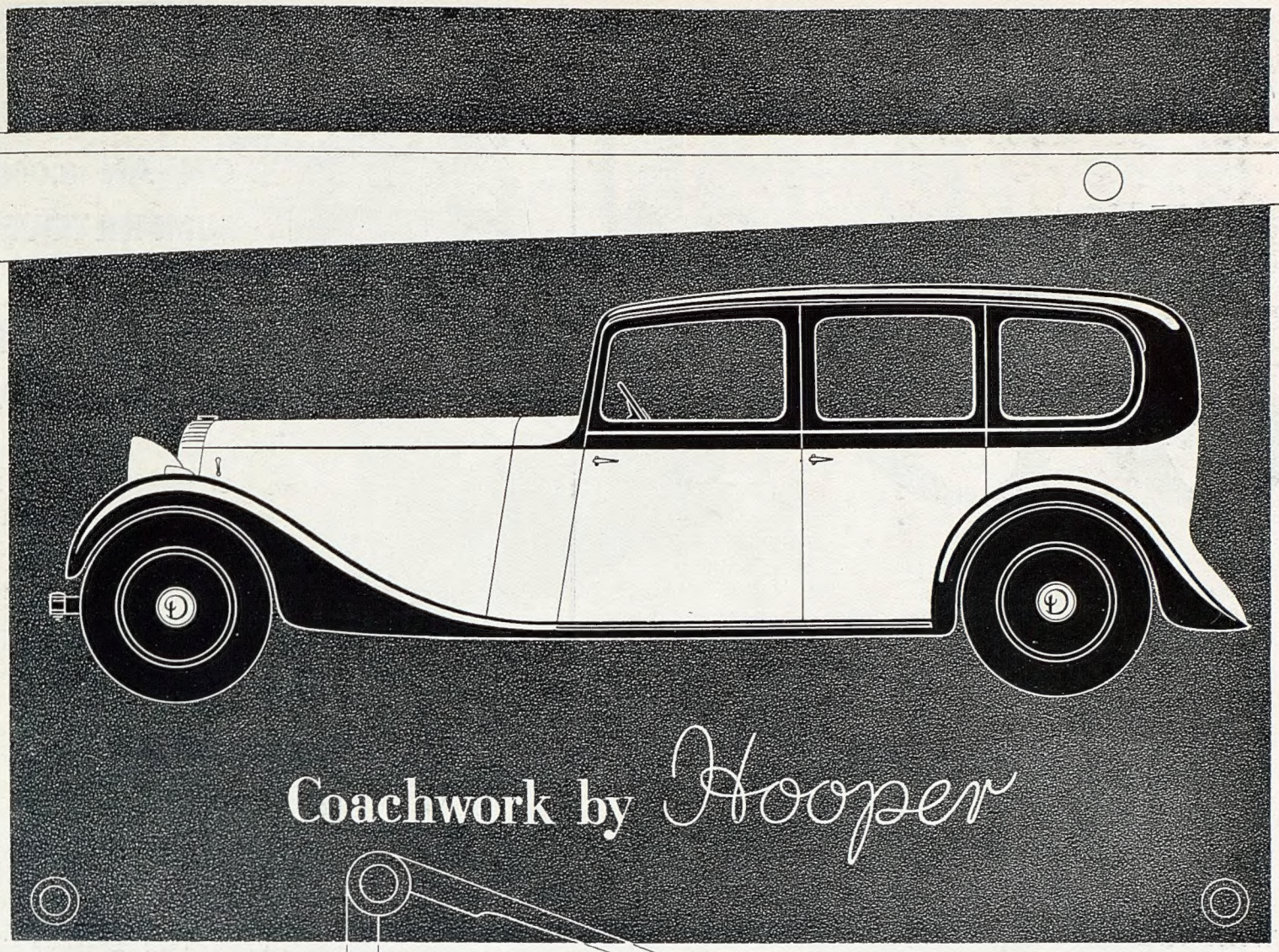
SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

PRICES FROM

4 Guineas

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, Jermyn St., London, S.W.1



A NEW DAIMLER
STRAIGHT EIGHT LIMOUSINE

The graciousness and dignity of the Daimler Straight Eight are distinctive and incontrovertible qualities : the Daimler has been the Royal car since cars began. No less distinctive is the sense of combined power, utter security and great luxury it gives. The Straight Eight is Daimler's greatest achievement ; aesthetically and mechanically it is completely satisfying.

The last touch of personality is given by the famous coachbuilders commissioned by Daimler. Illustrated here, for example, is a limousine by Hooper; it is as individual as if it had been signed 'Daimler-Hooper.'

Any Daimler dealer will be pleased to place a Straight Eight at your disposal for a trial—a trial well worth making if you are keen on motoring in luxury.

BY APPOINTMENT

DAIMLER STRAIGHT EIGHT-HOOPER LIMOUSINE £1,660

OTHER DAIMLER MODELS:

DAIMLER LIGHT STRAIGHT EIGHT FROM £1,050

DAIMLER TWENTY LIMOUSINE FROM £875

Daimler

British Cars Last Longer

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY.

London Distributors: STRATSTONE, 27 PALL MALL AND 38, BERKELEY STREET

Motor correspondent JOHN PRIOLEAU gets . .

50% more mileage

with the

NEW SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

WRITING IN "THE SPECTATOR," ON MARCH 11, 1938, *MR. JOHN PRIOLEAU SAID :*

A New Sort of Oil

As I wrote in my preliminary report, the chief virtue of this new oil lies in its freedom from gumming up piston-rings in cold weather and the exceptionally easy first start it allows a stone-cold engine. In practice I always turn the engine over by hand (in cold weather) to free the congealed oil, but I found this unnecessary with the Shell. That is the feature to which the makers attach most importance, I believe, but there is another which may appeal with equal force to the economical.

Economy

For a reason I do not profess to understand, this oil lasted longer in my engine than any other I have used since it left its fiftieth-thousand mile behind. The car is over ten years old, the engine is a 2-litre Six, the sump holds 6 quarts, and the cylinders have not been re-bored. During the last 25,000 miles or so the normal consumption of oil in this country has been about 1,000 miles to the gallon, 800 on the mountain stages of my continental tour last year. I have done 1,500 miles on a gallon of Shell, driving over familiar roads at my usual speeds—that is, seldom over 50 and very rarely over 60, in short bursts as occasion offers.

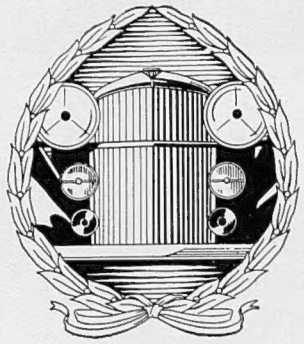
Use TRIPLE SHELL (HEAVY) for A.C., Armstrong-Siddeley, Austin, B.S.A., Bentley, Citroen, Fiat, Hillman, Humber, Lammas Graham, Morris, Riley, Rolls-Royce, Singer, Sunbeam, Talbot, Wolseley, etc.

Use DOUBLE SHELL (MEDIUM) for Brough Superior, Buick, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Dodge, Ford, Graham, Hudson, Jensen, La Salle, Lincoln, Nash, Opel, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Railton, Rover, S.S., Standard, Studebaker, etc.

Use SINGLE SHELL (LIGHT) for Vauxhall.

THE ONLY OIL USED AND RECOMMENDED BY HUMBER, HILLMAN, SUNBEAM AND TALBOT

YOU FEEL SO SAFE IN AN ALVIS



"A CAR I WOULD TAKE ON AN 8,000 MILES SUMMER TOUR KNOWING THAT IT WOULD RETURN AS FRESH AS WHEN IT STARTED"

Thus, Robert Walling of the "EVENING STANDARD" describes the ALVIS 12/70 costing £435.

In our LONDON SHOWROOMS or at any ALVIS Dealer an

INAUDIBLE

ALVIS

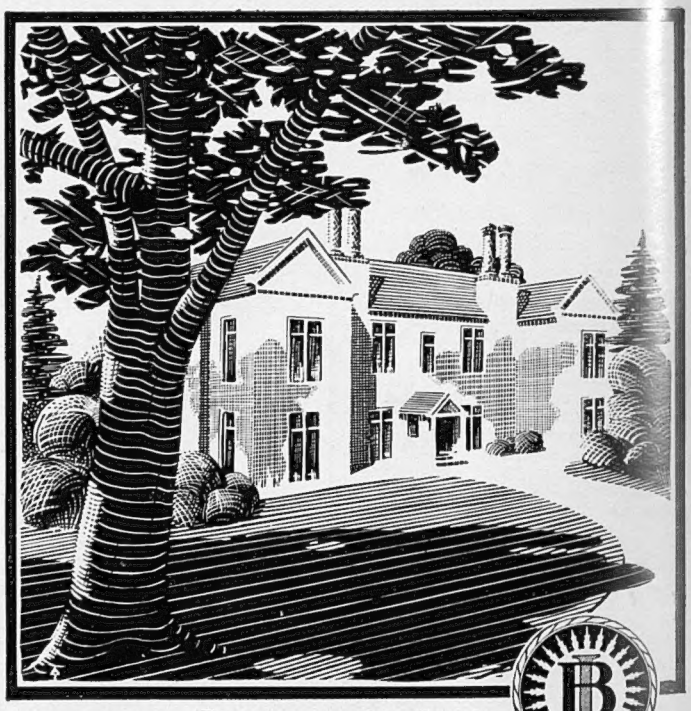
12/70 ALVIS SALOON

awaits your examination and test — without obligation

ALVIS LTD. COVENTRY. Tel.: Coventry 5501

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 7/8, St. JAMES'S ST., S.W.1. Whitehall 8506

ALVIS PERFORMANCE IS TAKEN FOR GRANTED



B.I. WIRING SYSTEMS

There is no need to disturb or damage the decoration when wiring existing houses if you use the B.I. Rubber Twin Wiring System. With this safe and efficient system, the wires run unobtrusively along the surface. Write for Booklet of B.I. Wiring Systems suitable for every type of contract.

BRITISH INSULATED CABLES LIMITED, PRESCOT, LANCS.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 23, 1938

FRANCO'S LEGIONS GAIN THE SEA

General Vega (fourth from left, standing) and His Staff on the Beach at Vinaroz where the Insurgents Reached the Mediterranean and Thus Cut Government Spain in Two

Advancing 90 miles in thirty days from their base at Saragossa General Franco's forces reached the Mediterranean at Vinaroz at 5.45 in the evening of April 15 and thus achieved their cherished object of cutting Government Spain in two. Any further communication must be by the hazardous sea route or by air, and from now on the Government will no longer be able to send Catalonian reinforcements to defend Madrid. Neither food from France nor arms from Barcelona can cross the widening gap, and the long drawn out civil war, which began on July 18, 1936, would seem, in so far as conjecture can go, to have entered upon its closing phase. This week the Government troops were still putting up a stout resistance in Tortosa, and there was every indication that General Franco's forces in the coast region were not big enough to establish anything like a solid line. Despite this, however, the confidence of the Insurgents is at peak and everywhere the talk is of the task of reconstruction that lies ahead

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE PREMIER MOVES HOUSE: Taking a picture into No. 10, Downing Street during the transference of Mr. Chamberlain's furniture from No. 11 where he has lived since 1931 when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. During the past few months No. 10 has been thoroughly modernised and re-decorated. The Premier arranged to take up his residence there sometime this week

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, April 20, 1938.

GAYDA CHANGES HIS TUNE.

– Some indication that Mr. Chamberlain backed the right horse when he put his money on Rome Pact for the Appeasement Stakes may be gained from Signor Gayda's change of tune. That semi-official voice which has so long troubled Europe has begun to roar as gently as a sucking dove. Here indeed are whispers at least of happier things. "A great work of peace." "A return to collaboration." "Reflects the loyal desire of Mussolini and the not less loyally and realistically expressed desire of Mr. Chamberlain for peace." This is pleasant hearing of a novel kind for Britain. And from Berlin the cooing is heard, too. The voice of the turtle is heard in our land and in Europe. "A new friendship." "General understanding." "Opening the way to happier relations with Germany also." France, too, has heard the cooing and, subject to certain adjustments in Spain, Syria, Tunis, desires nothing more than to join the party in the dove-cot, and is already taking steps to do so. Mr. Chamberlain has grounds for satisfaction. This, indeed, is a new and welcome note, promising better days, appeasement, and understanding and mutual sympathy and respect. Is it possible that spring is not far behind at last—at long last? That Europe is about to benefit by so many years of bitter lessons, while in the East the terrible results of an unjustified aggression may stamp their awful lesson on Japan. Hope bubbles up again. Almost one feels inclined to borrow and buy for an all round rise.

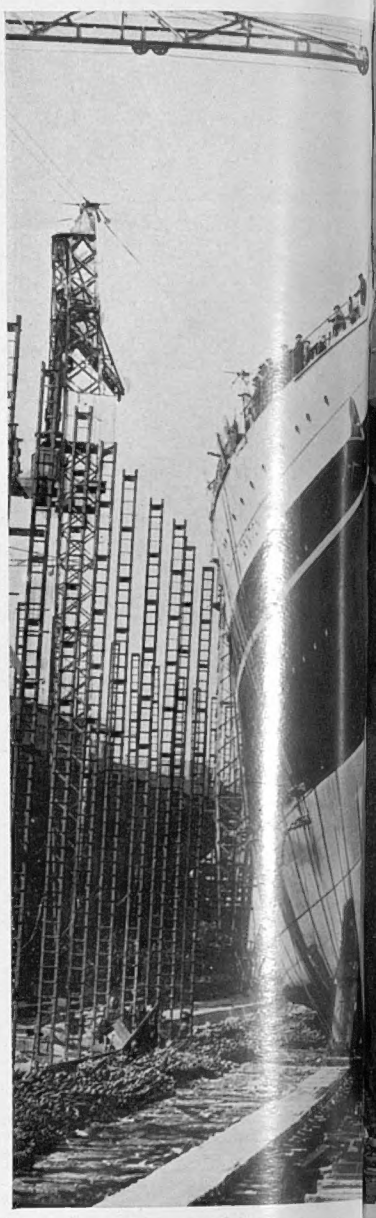
A SAFE PASSAGE FOR CHILDREN is provided by the new £10,000 subway beneath the main Southend road at Eastern Avenue, Ilford, which Mr. Burgin, the Minister of Transport, is here seen opening. In his inaugural speech he said the idea of diving under a main road, instead of sauntering across it composing poetry, was essentially an idea of modern times. We wanted more of those subways. It was all very well to have liberty, and for everybody to walk where he liked, but it spoilt communications

HITLER'S "APOLOGIA."—

The result of the great *Anschluss* plebiscite is very ancient history now. It was "snowed under" during the Easter holidays. More interesting to comment on is Hitler's final oratorical effort before the "secret ballot." It may be ancient history but this particular comment has not been over written. An *apologia* is not strictly an apology in the present sense of the word. It is the author's vindication of his life and actions and policy. Therefore, it is curious that Hitler, employing the *apologia* form, should have spoken so apologetically. Curious and interesting, for it seemed to suggest both anxiety and a loss of confidence in himself. We heard from his own lips (what we sometimes gather from whispering heard by visitors to Germany) of that large bloc of "invisible" and silent critics of the leader and his lieutenants and of their ruthless policy. There was a new note of whining in his defence—for such it was—and a note of fear. Like the ex-Kaiser, when he first saw the writing on the wall of his palace, he began to drag in God, recalled Him from banishment and passed on to Him the responsibility for many actions and events for which the leader had hitherto taken full and sole credit. He fell back on the miracle of the Almighty using as his instrument a humble unknown man whose chief strength lay in the possession of a supply of "holy faith" and a gift of the gab. If we shudder at that "holy faith" and feel distaste at Hitler's appearance in the role of Uriah Heep we cannot fail to speculate on what seems a significant manifestation not altogether accounted for as a political or oratorical device. A speech of pure boost and boast would have served the occasion quite as well. But, clearly to be observed, a new note of doubt and anxiety and apology crept into his public utterance. It would not be odd if the man were tired, if his heart and spirit were beginning to break under the strain of twenty years of unparalleled responsibility; if he were beginning to see the writing on the wall, numbering his days, if not yet weighing him in the balance; if the souls of the dead on whose bodies he climbed to such dizzy heights and achieved such miracles were beginning to haunt his pillow. Napoleon knew hell on earth; the Furies troubled the sleep of Orestes. There is good and bad in this remarkable man. None living enjoys wider and more intense admiration in his own nation. Many of his most bitterly criticised actions are attributed by the fiercest critics abroad to his juggernaut lieutenants. If there is anything to be learned of the truth from the report of a speech not personally heard, one can suggest that that last plebiscite speech of Hitler's revealed a significant change in the man himself; physical or mental or both, one does not know. Even for Prometheus there is an eagle—at last; perhaps a double eagle for Hitler.

DALADIER'S INNINGS.—

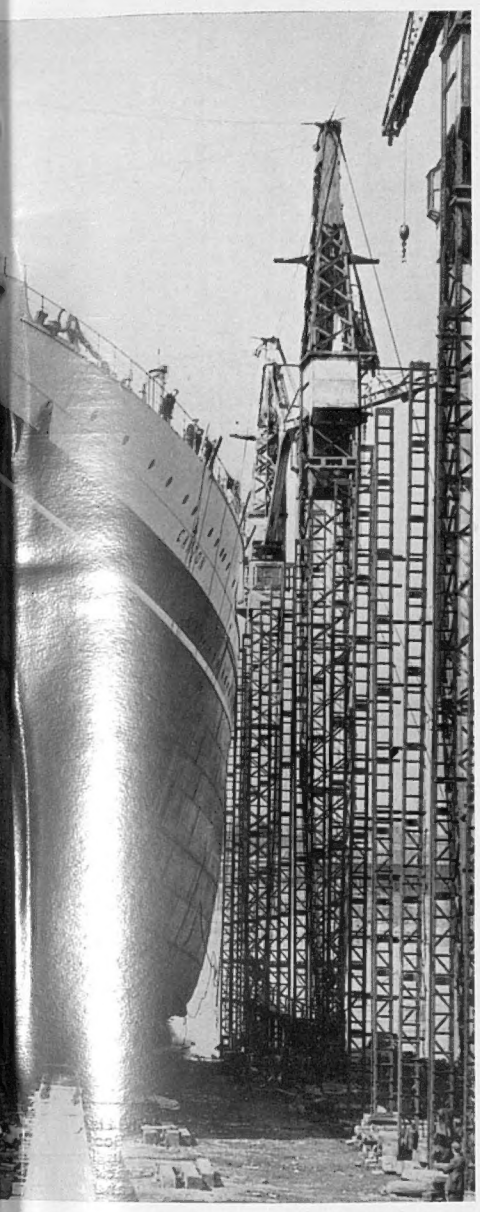
France is at it again; the stream of batsmen to and from the pavilion continues to flow; the googlies of opposition assure that. M. Daladier went in to bat with modified applause, and the field closed round him. Perhaps he might snick a boundary or a few singles through the slips. Perhaps not. It was a sticky wicket, which of course might dry easier. He handed out among the available or willing professionals a fewer number of portfolios—only nineteen—but his smaller Cabinet is not less vulnerable than M. Blum's. He must sooner or later ask for fullest plenary powers, and that would be his testing time. His existence depended on Socialist whims; Labour was in ferment, aeroplane production at a standstill when he took over. M. Daladier chose to offer himself for a captain's innings at a time of hideous crisis in an unselfish spirit. One formed an idea of how France was facing the crisis and taking her share of the burden of the Entente when one read that the Socialist party refused co-operation because M. Daladier's "bargain" with them was not sufficiently attractive in the matter of portfolios. The Radicals would not help M. Blum, so M. Blum will not



LAUNCH OF THE "CANTON": The ... service to India, Ceylon, the Str... Clyde from Messrs. Alexander Steph... daughter of Lord Craigmyle. At ... referred to the fact that for a good ... shipping in the Pacific, where it was ... The resources of ordinary private ... of competition which had behind it the...

help the Radicals. And the Senate was at daggers drawn with the most powerful party in the State and House. Such was France in the hour of supreme crisis. Small wonder (said we) if Dictators are inclined to dictate and grabbers to grab. Small wonder if we began to despair of the Entente. But Daladier started brilliantly—exactly like Blum. He gained a majority of 576 in a vote of confidence following his declaration of policy. Within an hour of his speech the aircraft factory strikes ended. And the Chamber gave him his essential powers to legislate by decree. Like M. Blum, he made a brilliant opening. And the Rome Pact has eased the pitch.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.—I read with interest of Mr. Belisha's visit of courtesy to the Duce, which is now about to take place. They have certain characteristics in common and the first contacts may resemble a sudden meeting of two strange dogs of the same breed. Each is a master of the art of publicity and Mr. Belisha (for a minister of an "old-fashioned Democracy") has dictator elements in his composition. A meeting between Mr. Belisha and Hitler would not do so well, but I have hopes of the meeting with the Duce, when the first strangeness and suspicion have worked off. They will talk of generalities, of the weather and the crops, of modern methods of warfare in Spain and Abyssinia; and perhaps Mr. Belisha will have an attack of *nostalgie de la boue* and speak of speed tracks for motor cars. Each will carry away pleasant memories and worth-while experiences. The Duce will chalk up one more name of illustrious Englishmen with whom he has chatted, and Mr. Belisha will tell the Cabinet the latest news of Caesar's appearance and ambitions.



15,000-ton liner, built for the P. & O. Company's China, and Japan, going down the slipway into the yard after being named by the Hon. Thalia Shaw, luncheon which followed the event Lord Craigmyle years now he had been pleading the cause of British subjected to intense subsidised foreign competition. prise, he said, were quite unable to cope with a form payers of the wealthiest country in the world (America)

CLYDESIDE CHRISTENING: The Hon. Thalia Shaw, daughter of Lord Craigmyle, until recently chairman of the P. & O. Company, about to break a bottle of champagne over the bows as she named the new liner *Canton* before the launching from the Linthouse yard

BORIS PASSES.—Feodor Chaliapin is dead. He was a man of extraordinary powers. As a singer he was among the greatest operatic basses of all time because he was as great an actor as a vocalist of unique range, power, and expressiveness. He was a giant in stature as in genius. To Londoners he will always be Boris Godounov, yet Londoners had the briefest opportunity to hear him in his prime. He burst on us in the last two seasons of the old world, in the last scene of the Age of Privilege. We remember vividly and with thankfulness for rich and strange experiences the flaming sunset of that dead age, the seasons 1913 and 1914. He came to London in 1913 with a European reputation built up in St. Petersburg by a humble son of the people whose gifts were discovered by pure chance. He came again in 1921 to sing in concerts and reappeared in opera in London in 1928 and 1929. But he, like his company and his audience and London and the old Europe, was in decline. The glory had departed for each and all. The giant smashed his great dent on the shield of opera with one great blow of his hammer and the rest was memory of departed greatness and vanished glory. Now he is dead but the dent remains. But I am glad I saw and heard him walking the stage and pouring out his deep notes as Boris.

OUR PROBLEMS. Europe may still have many grave problems unsolved, though the situation is suddenly much easier. The East may be aflame, America in the doldrums, France and Spain and Russia in unhappy case. The Dictator-States may be forging along, horribly and efficiently aggressive. Our problems are for the next few months clear-cut and seasonal. We are approaching our annual carnival time, the season May to October. And our hands will be full with Budget prospects, the opening of the flat-racing season, the great problem of the Derby. High and highly paid officials of our great Democracy will sit in conclave to decide on a fresh crop of birthday barons (and of course baronets). Ascot and Wimbledon will follow, and through and over all will rage the great Test match fever. Even now, the salt-estranging seas carry the Australian Expeditionary Force nearer to these shores; even now the Selection Committee, reinforced by youth as to 50 per cent., are sitting in solemn conclave; and to save them a deal of trouble, I have pleasure in announcing that their work and responsibility have been taken off their hands long since by a Committee of Public Safety which has announced the composition and batting order of the English team to meet the Australians in the 1st Test Match in May. It is:—Hutton, Smith. D., Hammond, Hardstaff, Barnett, Ames (w. k.), Langridge, Robins (Captain), Verity, Wellard, Farnes. Seven fine batsmen (good enough), six bowlers (not good enough), our second finest wicket keeper (chosen for his batting) and Robins (chosen captain for his versatility). Of course if Robins cannot undertake the job, the selectors must find (among their number, perhaps) another Captain. Otherwise, no alteration in this selection can be tolerated, unless dictated by circumstances beyond human control—with this exception. If the selectors wish to change Smith's and Barnett's places in the batting order, they may do so. That is now the limit of their responsibility. While all these important matters occupy our attention, it is our custom to resent very bitterly any interruption by foreigners, any introduction of European crises into our carnival time. We like all foreigners to visit us; it is good for carnival trade. But they must not pack up their troubles in their old kit-bags. Come October, we return to brass-tacks and resume A. R. P. practice and other nuisances. But our annual Carnival is as sacred and permanent as the Lord Mayor's Show.

THE PUNCH BOWL AFLAME.—The Devil put a match to his famous Punch Bowl the other Sunday. It is always at week-ends that this devil is abroad. There had been no appreciable rain since January 28 in that area of commons, and what with drying winds, long drought, tinder dry bracken and the fags and matches of criminals and *crétins*, a lovely area of England, readily available for Londoners, is left all summer a thing of ugly desolation, literally impassable owing to the filth and dust which will blacken and stain the clothes of any who venture across it. It is largely National Trust Property. The local committee have no adequate income for protective burning and when it succeeds in burning protective patches, it often faces bitter criticism from local residents who speak of "senseless desecration" and keep their money in their pockets. It is a thankless task enough to try to preserve the heritage of the British public to-day. It was a curious spectacle, that big fire. There were scores of stalwart spectators who preferred to gape and laugh. Now scorched trees and charred heather roots remain, and willow herb and the infernal bracken choke out the young heather.

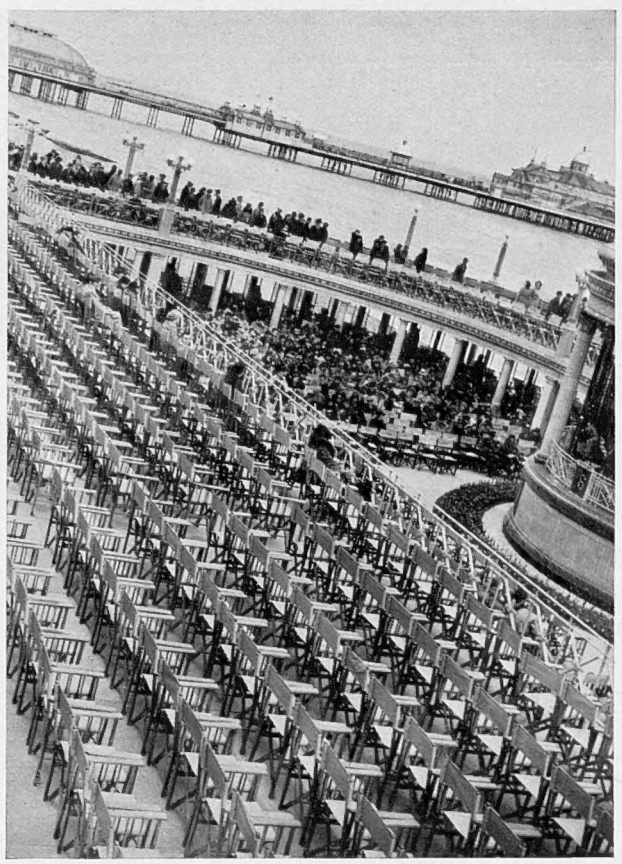
THE OLD STAGER

THIS IS "JACQUELINE," the chimp, who was born at London Zoo last November and deserted by her mother. She has since been bottle-fed by the keepers, and at Easter made her bow to the public for the first time. As ever, there were immense crowds at the Zoo on Bank Holiday, the figures being 76,000 as compared with 82,000 on the same day last year

HEADLINES OF

Aspects of the Easter Week-end

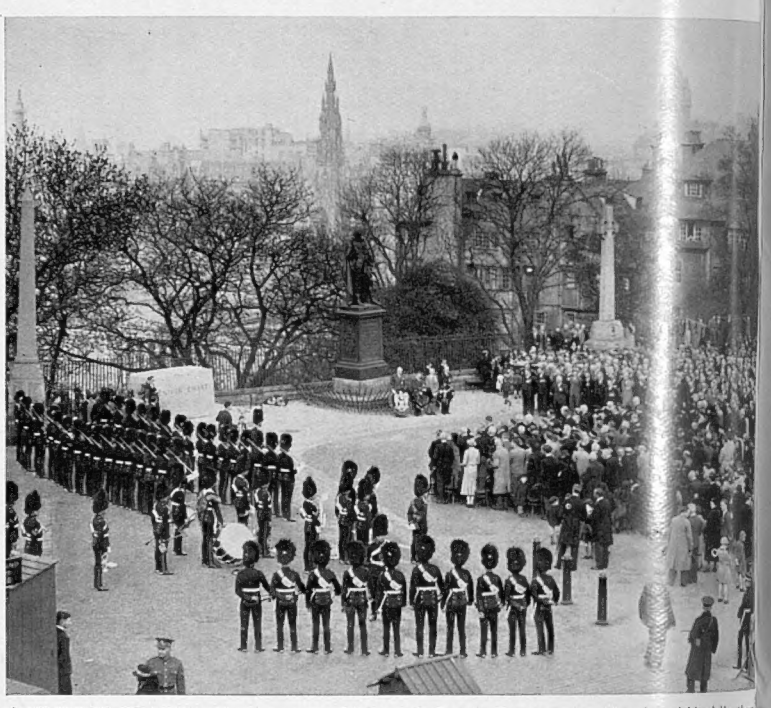
ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR: Judging by the expression on this girl's face she did not realise her own strength until she tried the strength machine at Hampstead Fair where, as ever, Bank Holiday crowds congregated in their thousands despite the rather sharp winds on the Heath



NOT SO NICE "BESIDE THE SEASIDE!" The Easter crowds at Eastbourne were rather less than usual owing to the uncertainty of the weather conditions, and those who did sit on the front to hear the band wisely kept to the sheltered part, leaving the exposed seats almost deserted

TASTING THE JOYS OF ENGINELESS FLIGH who have been in camp at Hulsh on their sailplanes for a practise flight. Also London Gliding Club, who flew a distance ting up a new British distance record. On

KEEPING HIS END UP! This competitor was seemingly trying to achieve the impossible by using his hand in an attempt to prevent his B.S.A. from toppling over when running up the banking at Blue Hills Mine, St. Agnes, Cornwall, during the London-Land's End Motor Trial which is always a feature of Easter week-end activity in motoring circles. Some of the gradients down in the west country provide really stiff tests for motorists



A MEMORY OF 1815: The scene on Edinburgh Castle Esplanade after Lord Haddington had unveiled the memorial erected over the grave of Ensign Ewart, Scots Greys, the young soldier who at Waterloo performed the feat of capturing single-handed the Eagle emblem of the 45th Infantry Regiment, one of the crack units of Napoleon's army. The unveiling was watched by several thousand persons

FIGHTING OUT "THE MARBLES CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND": A big crowd turned up at the Greyhound Inn, Tinsley Green, Sussex, on Good Friday to watch this 300-year-old event in which a number of teams of eight competed for trophies consisting of a pair of silver antlers and medals. The game is played in 2-ft. cement circles and, according to the ancient code of Tinsley Green all the marbles must be kept within the circles

FUNERAL OF LORD MILFORD HAVEN: The gun-carriage arriving at Bray Cemetery, Berkshire, for the interment which took place with naval honours. The King, who was accompanied by the Duke of Kent, attended and wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet

SIR ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH, who ha just retired after fifty-seven years a a Parliamentary correspondent in th Press Gallery of the House of Com mons, showing his wife the inscribe silver salver presented him by Liver pool M.P.s in recognition of his wor

THE HOLIDAY

Open Air Activity in Chilly Weather

Members of the Cambridge University Gliding Club, Marlborough Downs, Wiltshire, preparing one of the camp was Mr. Christopher Nicholson of the 122 miles to East Bigbury, near Plymouth, thus set following day Mr. J. S. Fox bettered this by 22 miles

IN A HIKER'S PARADISE: Holidaymakers crossing the River Dove by stepping stones during an Easter ramble through Dovedale. The nip in the air clearly did not affect their enthusiasm, and the numbers of people in this beautiful National Trust area were much larger than might be expected

PARIS PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE LATE M. CHALIAPIN: The coffin bearing the body of the great Russian operatic singer being carried from the Russian Church in the rue Daru following the funeral service held on April 18. Afterwards the interment took place at the Batignolles Cemetery

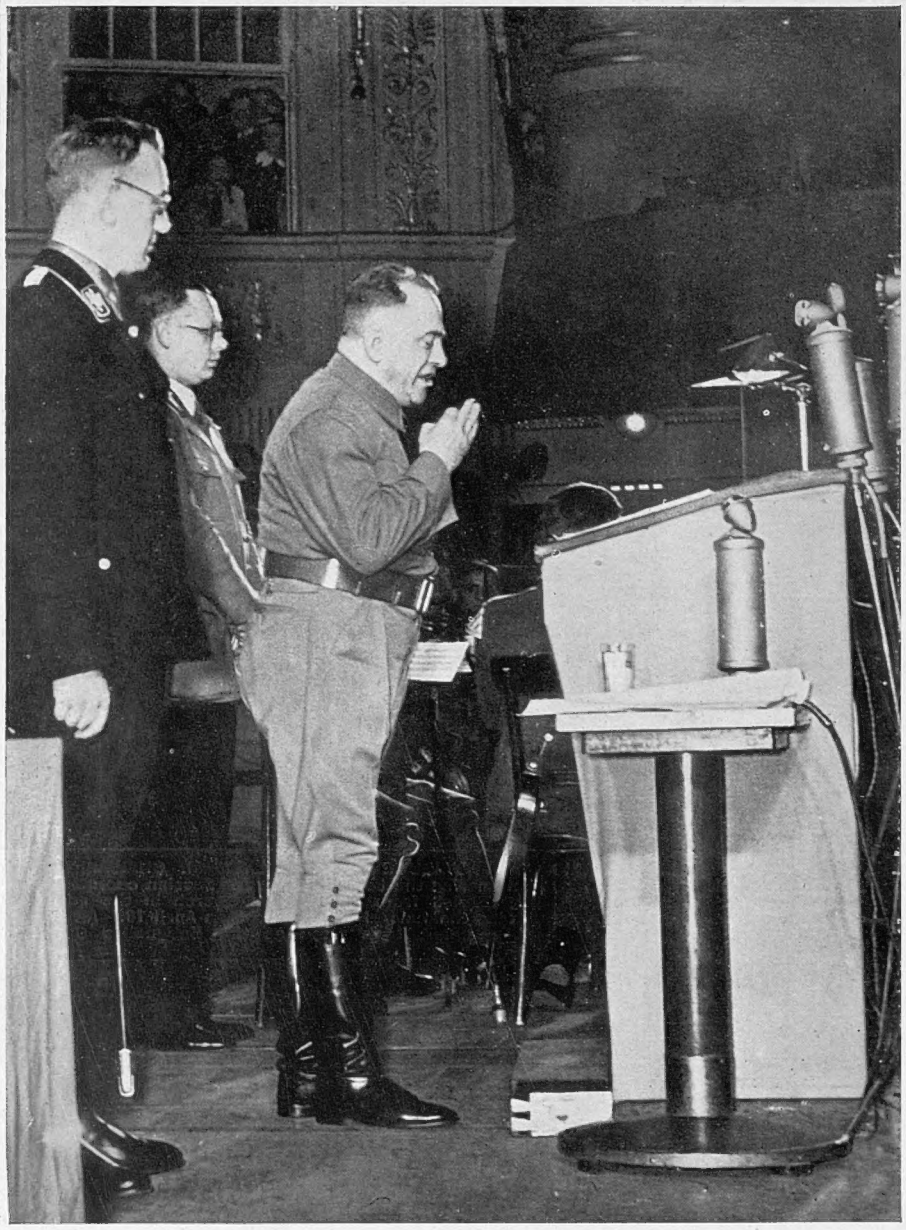
AND ALL THEY ASK IS A TALL SHIP! The four-masted schooner, *Westward*, one of the few big sailing ships in the world to hold a passenger licence, was a striking sight when viewed from the air as she sped down-Channel past the Isle of Wight during the week-end en route from the Thames estuary to the Azores with a number of passengers on board. Her first port of call was Plymouth

PRELUDE TO DISASTER: Count Grandi, Italian Ambassador in London, and his son pictured with the four Italian airmen when seeing them off at Croydon at the start of their ill-fated attempt to break the London Cape record. Head winds in the Mediterranean drove them off their course sufficiently to cause fuel shortage and as a result they crashed in a military camp at Zuara, Tripoli, killing two African women and a child

A SHOWMAN PASSES: A studio portrait of the late Mr. Bertram Mills who died last Saturday after an attack of bronchial pneumonia. It was in 1920 that he staged his first circus at Olympia, and since then it has been an eagerly awaited annual event

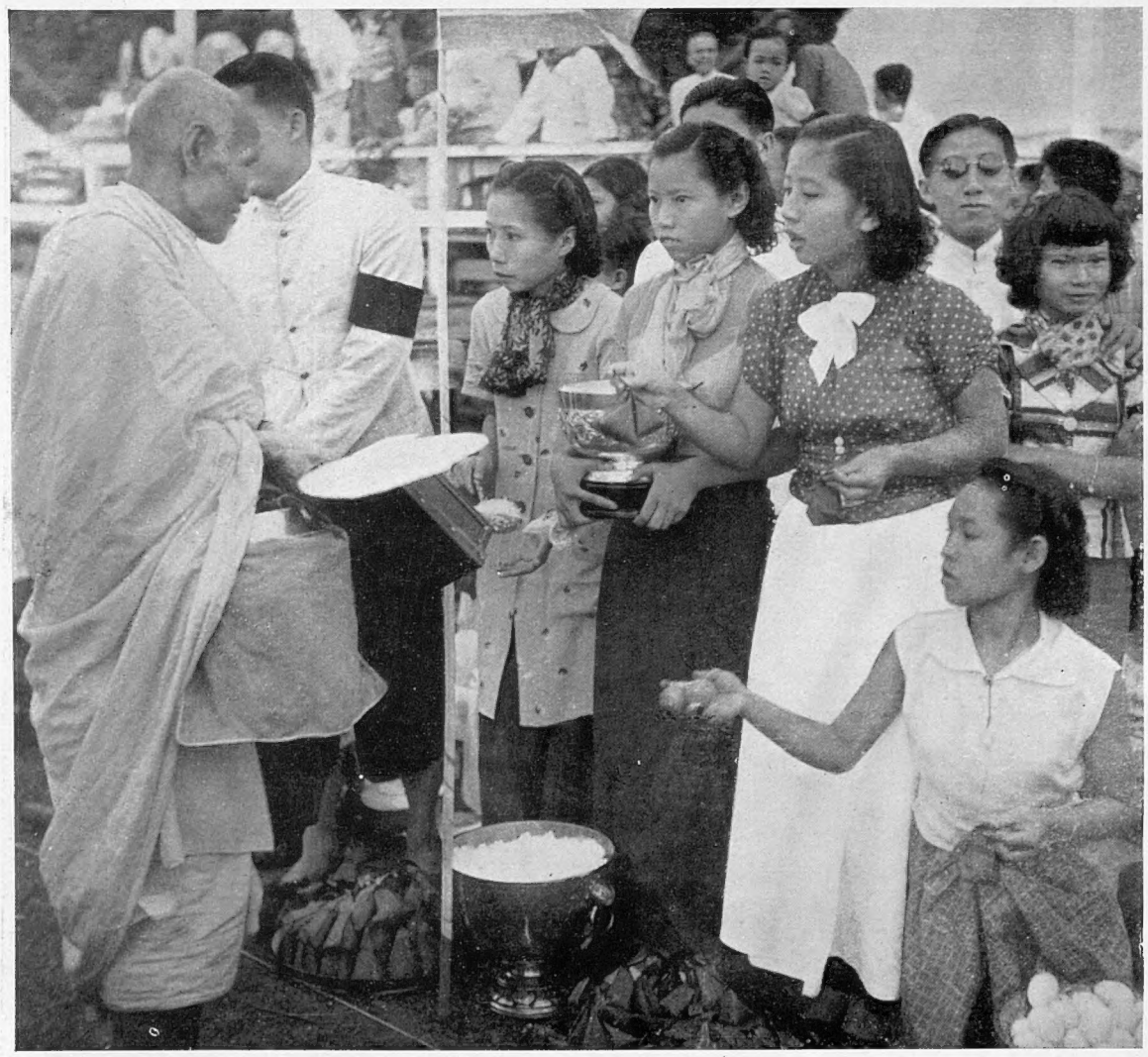
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, who have been living at the Château de la Maye, Versailles, went on April 13 to Versailles Town Hall, where they were officially received by the municipality. *Above*—The Duchess with some of the officials who showed her round, and (*right*) the Duke and Duchess being introduced to the Councillors, among whom were several women, by the Mayor, Senator Gaston Henry Haye. Since the Duke and Duchess have been on a visit to the South of France and it was stated on Wednesday that they were there to inspect one or two houses with a view to taking up permanent residence on the Riviera

WORLD AFFAIRS:



"MY FUHRER! I REPORT. . . ." It was with these words that District Leader Buerckel came to the microphone in Vienna and triumphantly announced to Herr Hitler and the whole Reich that 99·73 per cent of the enfranchised Austrian people had given their support to the new Nazi regime in the great plebiscite. Standing behind him was Dr. von Seyss-Inquart

DALADIER TRIUMPHS: The new French P[re]mier speaking from the rostrum as he addresse[d] the Chamber and sought its support for his swee[ping] measures planned to right the French finan[cial] situation.



BANGKOK HERALDS THE YEAR 2481: Citizens bringing offerings of food to the Buddhist priests on April 1, which in Siam is the first day of the new year and, as such, is a public holiday and characterised by a series of religious observances. The Siamese monkhood, the distinguishing mark of which is the Yellow Robe, lives very largely upon alms, and on festival days the food brought to them is invariably the very best the devout almsgivers can afford

POSTHUMOUSLY HONOURED: The Commander of t[he] French forces in Tunis placing the Medai[lle] Militaire on the coffin of gendarme Nicolas, t[he] police officer killed in the recent Tunisian rio[t]

How the Plebiscite Result was Announced in Vienna: The New French Government's Success: The Führer's Forthcoming Visit to Italy: A French Victim of the Tunisian Riots Honoured After Death

He rece[ived] an overwhelming vote of confidence, and on the foll[owing] day his Special Powers Bill went before the Se[nate] which, in turn, gave its wholehearted approval. [Both] Houses have now adjourned until May 31

ROME PREPARES TO WELCOME ADOLF HITLER: Men engaged in fixing the gas connections to one of the bronze braziers which are being set up in the main streets of the city and will illuminate them in honour of the Führer's forthcoming visit. Signor Mussolini is planning a great welcome for his fellow dictator by whom he himself was entertained last year

which reached such alarming proportions that martial law had to be declared. The trouble began when Ali Belhouane, notorious leader of the native Neo-Destouvian revolutionary movement, was imprisoned

BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR IN CAIRO, Sir Miles Lampson, arriving with Lady Lampson for the opening of the Egyptian Parliament to which King Farouk recently drove in state. As a result of the recent elections the Government is in a sound position, and Nahas Pasha's Wafdists, who dominated affairs at the beginning of the reign, have received a severe check to their plans. Their attempt to infringe royal prerogative has been the cause of losing them much support

A DRAMATIC STROKE: Insurgent soldiers and citizens mingling outside the cathedral at Vinaroz after this town on the Mediterranean seaboard had been captured and General Franco had thus achieved his object of cutting Government-held Spain into two parts. Any further communication between the great cities of Barcelona and Madrid must be by the hazardous sea route or by air—a situation that seriously embarrasses the Government and indeed further jeopardises their whole cause

ON THE THRESHOLD: Spanish children pictured as they arrived at the French frontier on the Pyrenees where refugees have for some weeks past been pouring across

IN THE EBRO DELTA: A column of insurgent troops passing through rough country as they neared the sea. They had tried to break through at Tortosa, but the Government troops held them at bay and the first detachments under General Vega actually reached the coast at Vinaroz

FRANCO MARCHES TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

And Divides Government-Held Spain in Two Parts

THE NEW ANGLO-ITALIAN AGREEMENT

Lord Perth and Count Ciano Sign An Historic Document in The Palazzo Chigi, Rome

THE EARL OF PERTH SIGNS FOR BRITAIN: The British Ambassador to the Quirinal putting his signature to the Anglo-Italian Agreement during last Saturday's ceremony in the Palazzo Chigi, Rome. Standing on the right is Count Ciano, Italy's youthful Foreign Minister, who is Signor Mussolini's son-in-law

IT is widely felt that by their Agreement, signed in Rome last Saturday, the British and Italian Governments have at least laid the foundations for good relations in the Mediterranean, the Near East, and the Middle East and, what is of more immediate import, have undoubtedly helped to clear the, at present, troubled atmosphere of Europe.

Under the Agreement's terms all the old bases of good relations have been re-established and new problems and difficulties that have arisen during the past two years to separate the two countries appear to have been settled.

Of the eight Articles in the Agreement considerable interest attaches to No. 4, relating to the islands of the Red Sea. It is in this region that Italy by her Abyssinian conquest has lately gained influence.

A NEAR EASTERN QUESTION SETTLED: A map showing the Red Sea islands of Jebel Teir, Kamaran, Abu Ali, Jebel Zukur, Great Hanish, and Little Hanish, regarding which Britain and Italy, as outlined in the accompanying note, have reached important decisions under the new Agreement

Article 4 is as follows: (1) As regards those islands in the Red Sea to which Turkey renounced her rights by Article 6 of the Treaty of Peace signed at Lausanne on July 24, 1923, and which are not comprised in the territory of Saudi Arabia or in the Yemen, neither party will in or in regard to any such island: (a) Establish its sovereignty, or (b) erect fortifications or defences.

(2) It is agreed that neither party will object to: (a) The presence of British officials at Kamaran for the purpose of securing the sanitary service of the pilgrimage to Mecca in accordance with the provisions of the Agreement concluded at Paris on June 19, 1926, between the Governments of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of India, on the one part, and the Government of the Netherlands on the other part; it is also understood that the Italian Government may appoint an Italian Medical Officer to be stationed there on the same conditions as the Netherlands Medical Officer under the said Agreement; (b) the presence of Italian officials at Great Hanish, Little Hanish, and Jebel Zukur for the purpose of protecting the fishermen who resort to those islands; (c) the presence at Abu Ali, Centre Peak, and Jebel Teir of such persons as are required for the maintenance of the lights on those islands.

On right—
COUNT CIANO SIGNS FOR ITALY: The Italian Foreign Minister putting his signature to the new Agreement

A SPHERE SURVEY: Events in America, Egypt, and India

THE PRESIDENT PROVIDED THE BACKGROUND: While Mrs. Roosevelt, the First Lady in the Land, was addressing City and County officials during a recent visit to Seattle, Washington State, she had behind her a giant, locally painted portrait of her husband

PHILADELPHIA POLES TURNED OUT IN FORCE recently to welcome the 15,000-ton Polish Atlantic liner *Pilsudski* when she steamed up the Delaware River to pay a two-day courtesy call on America's third largest city. The *Pilsudski* is a vessel of particular interest as she was built in Italy's Monfalcone yards and partially paid for in shipments of coal from the Silesian mines

COURTESY CALL ON THE CAPITAL: The British cruiser *York*, flagship of Vice-Admiral S. J. Meyrick, Commander-in-Chief, American and West Indies Station since 1937, seen on arrival at the Navy Yard, Washington, D.C., after steaming up Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River. During a stay of five days the C.-in-C. and his officers made a round of official calls and, in accordance with traditional American hospitality, big receptions and entertainments were staged in their honour

WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN EGYPT: Troops waiting to embark on an aerial transport when taking part in combined exercises between the Army and the R.A.F. Under the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty certain defined areas are available for manœuvres

PIONEERING: A view of the Western Union cable ship, *Lord Kelvin*, showing at the very stern the apparatus through which cables will be lowered when the experiment of placing them under, instead of on, the Atlantic Ocean bed is tried out off the Irish coast. A huge steel chain device will be employed to make the furrows

BOMBAY CELEBRATES THE MAHASHIVRATRI: Women devotees emerging from the sea after purifying themselves in traditional fashion at this annual festival which is always celebrated as a public holiday, the banks and most of the city offices being closed. The festival is based on the legend of the salvation of a hunter who, by his worship of an image of Shiva, pleased the god so much that he attained communion with him. Throughout the day the Shiva temples are thronged

b

EUROPE'S INTERNATIONAL TRAMPS: By Ferdinand Tuohy

A Vast Army of Unwanted Wanderers Who Journey from Place to Place in Search of Settled Security and Seldom Find Lasting Solace

IT is on the cards that by the time these lines appear the melancholy trans-Pyrenean exodus may have grown into a major movement of political refugees from Catalonia into hospitable France. Barcelona's Left extremists would no doubt loom largely, there being seemingly but one thing for this element to expect did it stay on to submit to Franco.

Only a week or two ago we were turning back certain of the Austrian fugitives attempting to gain entry into Britain. Nor is it unreasonable to envisage our having to act similarly in the undated hereafter in respect of Czechs or Hungarians or Rumanians, to name but the three more likely peoples apt to be affected by possible future Nazi strides at present presumed to be filed away pending the opportune moment. In fact the march of events on the Continent brings one face to face more positively than ever in the past with the whole burning subject of Europe's refugees or "international tramps," as I see from a League pamphlet, "the inadequate Representative of a certain Government once described them."

HEADING FOR THE UNKNOWN: Spanish refugees pouring in a steady stream across the frontier into France at Luchon, the vanguard of what, at the time of writing, bids fair to become a vast army

Three factors should presently combine to focus attention on the tramps. Mr. Roosevelt has launched a plan for over thirty invited nations to form a pool of succour for the outcasts—mainly Austrian and German, to begin with—on the principle of help given through private organisations operating under a committee nominated by Governments. The Royal Institute of International Affairs will in July publish a first-hand survey of the world's refugee problem, in which the political, economic, social, educational, cultural, propagandist and legal aspects will be passed in review. And we shall be relentlessly approaching the day when the Nansen Office and the High Commission for German Refugees are due for extinction, at the League.

Unless substitutes are evolved, not fewer than 700,000 tramps will be bereft of the only two organisms which have managed to extend recognition to them, even to confer slender rights. Yet refugees will only swell in number; so much looks to be inevitable. Poland is a fourth country which may be added to the tragedy should the present trend of its anti-Jew policy become accentuated.

There are three alternatives to a perpetuation of the Nansen system which might perhaps be carried on in future outside the League so that non-members, especially the United States, could co-operate. The first is colonisation, the second repatriation, and the third naturalisation.

Colonisation has been vindicated by the settlement of 250,000 Armenians in Syria, but there the process has virtually ended. Mr. Hansson explained to me in Geneva the difficulties he was encountering in trying to settle a mere 3,300 Saar refugees in Paraguay. Nations simply decline to allow their territory to be trodden by the Stateless ones, however potentially advantageous the human material—as in the case of the disciplined, educated and smart German element—and however wide and open and depopulated the territories suggested by Mr. Hansson. The one exception is France which gets top marks among a poor lot. France is still trying to live up to the code we and several others espoused until 1914: never to close the door on those seeking to escape persecution on religious, racial, or political grounds. Nearly £100,000 has been spent on the Saar fugitives, although here the French were in honour bound to do something in as much as the victims suffered primarily for having upheld France's policy in the Saar.

Repatriation cannot be considered. The regimes which drove these people out would only tyrannise the more over them, if they got them back; aside from which nearly all these regimes—such as Hitler's—would refuse point-blank to reabsorb the fugitives. Italy is here an exception. She has refrained from depriving of their citizenship the hundreds of thousands of anti-Fascist refugees (located principally in France), and these can recross the Alps any day they choose—and take the consequences.

As for naturalisation, this is a long and delicate process which could not be applied wholesale. There are 400,000 awaiting naturalisation in France, and it is not expected they will all be dealt with before 1940. Other countries, with rare exceptions, have set their face against accepting as fellow-countrymen more than a quite small and hand-picked number of the outcasts. The exceptions, as might be expected, are to be found among the enlightened Baltic lands. Of 19,000 original refugees in Estonia, all save 5,000 have been absorbed, and these soon will be. It is about the same, proportionately, in Scandinavia.

Not only is the Nansen Office under death sentence; certain countries have passed to a bitter offensive against it. The Italians say that this succouring of refugees has the effect of facilitating hostile propaganda, carried on in safety by the fugitives against the regimes they have left. The Germans prefer to ignore the existence of any helping body. They eject such victims as they think are harmless, and put the rest in concentration camps. They don't care a jot what becomes of the former. The Russians, for their part, enter the objection that the Nansen Office has taken care only of White Russians, i.e., those hostile to the Soviet regime. So they, also, want to hear no more about succouring refugees. It is a cruel contemporary world, thoughtless, callous, and in no direction more so than over this refugee blot.

Here are endless people uprooted and pauperised, cast adrift without status of any kind, families separated for ever, husbands from wives, parents from children, not for anything that they ever did. Apply the case to your family and friends for an instant, and you will appreciate why there have been such suicides in Vienna. Refugee hopelessness can be the very abyss. Here are some of the disabilities—mild word—under which refugees labour when they are lucky enough to be permitted to stay transiently in a country:—

Drawing no insurance benefit, sick or other, they lose their health.

In order to help out the family income girls swiftly take to prostitution, even minors.

Refugees are apt to be expelled for the least offence, not infrequently as a result of spite on the part of petty officials. They are also sometimes forcibly and secretly put over the frontier into a neighbouring State which imprisons them.

Dismissal from their jobs is the rule on slightest pretext. At first signs of a slump, refugee employees are dismissed, or when staffs have to be reduced for other reasons. There is not a scrap of security from beginning to end.

Not only are all their belongings and property in the homeland confiscated, but a dread menace is held over many refugees' heads with regard to members of the family, who were not allowed to leave, by the bullying regime. These, it is warned, may be imprisoned or worse.

Refugees may not travel, if only for fear of not being allowed re-entry into the country they'd adopted. In many cases they are confined to specified regions, and even towns.

In some countries Nansen refugees watch their passports being stamped "forbidden to work." Why tarry? Might as well push on, hope ever sinking.

Refugees are permanently spied upon by the secret police of their countries of origin.

False denunciations abound, and only in Belgium is there a tribunal to which victims of expulsion orders may appeal.

"My dossiers," says Mr. Hansson, "constitute the most heart-rending collection imaginable. One could recite cases the whole morning. Here are two. An elderly Russian woman has for years been shown the frontier after three months sojourn, by State after State. She was reduced to begging, from which plight she was rescued by a charitable family that offered to take her as housekeeper. Alas, even this kindly act is being frustrated, as the authorities refuse to allow her to remain for more than three months. (One of the saddest features is that so many of the refugees are now entering old age.)

"Case number two concerns a man who, hunted by two neighbouring countries, whose frontier was a river, finished by remaining in the centre of the bridge where, starving and at the end of his strength, he would certainly have died if he had not been rescued by the Red Cross of one of the two countries."

If the refugees are a symptom of European disintegration, and if the Great Powers are jointly responsible by sins of omission and commission, these same nations would be well advised in their own interests to do something about the outcasts and not confine themselves to looking on "sympathetically"—some of them. For these tens of thousands of Stateless persons perpetually on the move constitute a real social danger. Finding life intolerable, they are driven to acts of despair and exasperation. No country, no family, no home, no hope, why should they stop at this criminal act or that one? As one victim observed: "In many countries we are treated as common criminals, and when a man is treated like a criminal he finishes by becoming one."

The children of refugees grow up in the most unhealthy surroundings, moral and material. They become the implacable enemies of mankind. Forced into outlawry, is it surprising if they eventually conduct themselves as outlaws?

All too many have fallen into a state of irreparable moral and physical decay. They have become gaolbirds, while having done no wrong. Take the case of a Russian who has now been imprisoned twenty-nine times, for not initially possessing the stipulated sum of 5 francs. He only had 3·75 francs, was arrested as a vagabond, and expelled. A game, with the refugee as human tennis ball, was then started. The "criminal" was thrown backwards and forwards over the neighbouring frontiers until the case passed to the Supreme Court, which upheld the conviction on the ground that the prisoner had not proved that it was impossible for him to go to a more distant country!

The records show that some refugees, whose only crime is the fact of their existence, have spent nine or ten years in prison.

What Nansen said many years ago is even more to the point to-day: "If intelligent human beings are forced to brood over a situation so much against their wishes and efforts that they come to regard it as an injustice, and if they are denied the most elementary forms of protection, there is the danger that their physical and intellectual energies, instead of being turned into constructive channels, may be exploited in other ways that will exact a heavy reckoning out of all proportion to the slight sacrifice they now ask." This applies in particular to the new generation that has grown up witnessing its parents at eternal grips with poverty, liable to all sorts of arbitrary and unjust measures. Seeing no escape in their own case from such undeserved fate, a state of mind develops in the young leading straight to the anarchist outlook. In brief, the refugee blot can breed dangerous enemies of society.

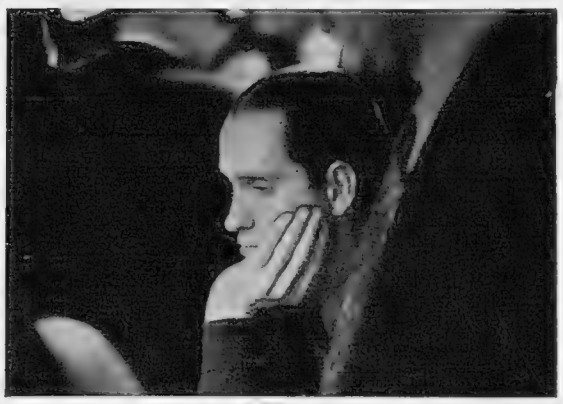
(*Continued on page 176*)

THE GAMBLING SHIP :

A Floating Casino Anchored Beyond the Three-mile Limit Where Citizens of Los Angeles try their Luck at the Tables

BEYOND THE LAW'S JURISDICTION: The luxurious gambling ship S.S. *Tango*, pictured at anchor just outside the three-mile limit on the Californian coast near Los Angeles; a favourite resort of the sportingly inclined who are taken there from Long Beach in a fleet of sixteen taxi launches and once aboard are given a free seven-course dinner. Afterwards they try their luck at the gambling tables and on an average, it is estimated, return to the shore about 25s. out of pocket. The ship has the same immunity from the police as the vessels which used to advertise week-end trips to sea to counter the prohibition laws

PAY YOUR DOLLAR AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE: The croupier watches play at the dice table (*above*) and gamblers congregated round the roulette wheel (*right*) on board S.S. *Tango* where the forty tables are thronged every evening. £10 is the highest stake that can be made, and it seems there are quite a number of folk, particularly those with lucrative posts in the Hollywood studios, who are prepared to, and can afford to, play the maximum



ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN throng the gambling ship. Some watch the play with set and anxious expressions, others eagerly, and yet others with that nonchalance that clearly betokens the born gambler. Often those who play for the highest stakes look the least concerned of all

EUROPE IN 1938 : ALBANIA ADV

A Backward Half Eastern Balkan Land Answers the Call of the Western

ALBANIA HAS NO RAILWAYS—she has skipped the era of rail development—but the airport at Tirana is a bustling place with passenger planes, mostly run by Italians, checking in and out every day. At the moment the country is without air liners of its own but the Government is planning to acquire a number in the immediate future

"A COUNTRY WITHIN SIGHT OF ITALY, WHICH IS LESS KNOWN THAN THE INTERIOR OF AMERICA" were the words used 140 years ago by the classic historian Gibbon in describing Albania, and now suddenly, that little-known half Eastern Balkan land has made strides across a century and begun to take its place in the

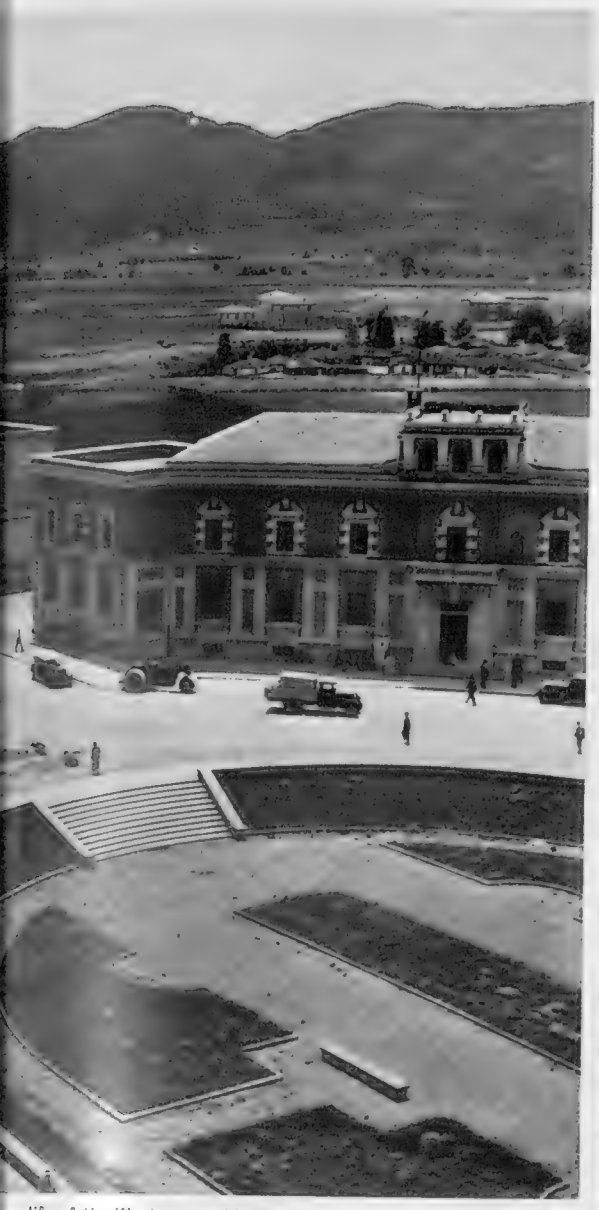
ONCE IT WAS A CART TRACK, but now it is a motor road winding up the hillside, tortuously perhaps, but none the less providing an adequate surface for cars travelling between the coast and the interior. By the building of such highways Albania is becoming accessible to a degree never before contemplated

FIGHTING FEVER: Digging a canal to carry off stagnant water from a malarial region near the coast *On left*—Building a new road in Tirana, and in the background one of the capital's numerous modern buildings

A GROWING ARMY: A typical infantry detachment in Albania's defence force. Military service in the country is compulsory between the ages of twenty and fifty and each man must spend 18 months with the colours. The strength of the army is 800 officers and 13,000 other ranks

ANCES A CENTURY

World—The Progress of Modernisation



life of the Western world. New public buildings, such as those depicted here, adorn the capital, Tirana, which shows clear signs of enlightened town-planning, and on every hand there is evidence of the changes wrought by King Zog. *On right*—This monument at Korcha is by a modern Albanian sculptor

On right—TRAVELLING BY MOTOR COACH is somewhat of an ordeal in Albania for the services are not very frequent and consequently there is considerable overloading, livestock and luggage, as witness this picture, sometimes being in juxtaposition on the roof. As time goes on, however, more buses will be brought into operation and getting from place to place will be a rather more pleasant business

ANATHEMA TO NANKING: A guardian deity at the entrance to a Buddhist shrine in China. Of recent years the Central Government has looked with a certain disfavour on some aspects of this faith, to a large extent perhaps because Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his wife are both Christians

RELIGION AS A FORCE IN THE FAR EAST

A Brief Survey of Its Influence on Chinese and Japanese Character

ON feast-days in China and Japan millions of devotees throng the decorative temples. The country folk burn incense and candles at shrines beside the highways and in the fields.

Japanese temples appear to be more prosperous than those in China. They are cleaner and in better repair. There are, too, more days of religious observance in Japan than in China. Must one deduce from these facts that religion is more vital in modern Japan than in China to-day?

The answer is yes, if the Shinto cult may be counted as a religion. It is the revival of this patriotic, primitive Sun-Goddess-and-Emperor worship that gives Japan the appearance of extreme religious fervour. Picturesque processions seem to be winding perpetually towards Shinto shrines. But, officially, Shinto is not recognised now as a religion. The Shrine Laws of 1900 and 1913 declare that Shinto is a patriotic act of devotion to the Emperor which may be practised by persons of any and every religious faith. Consequently the processions to Shinto shrines include Buddhists, Christians, and agnostics.

Shintoism is used by the governing classes of Japan to promote patriotism. It requires obeisance to the Emperor and recognition of his descent from the Sun Goddess. In essence it is polytheistic. But it offers no creed, no dogma, nor any moral or spiritual guidance for the people. The effort in the nineteenth century to make it supplant Buddhism met with strong opposition. Nor were Japanese Christians willing to deny their faith for its empty observance. But the Shrine Laws made it possible for everyone to be a patriotic Shintoist without violation of conscience. During war times Shintoism serves a national need, and is then particularly popular.

China, likewise, during her centuries of monarchy, esteemed her Emperors as Sons of Heaven. But the establishment of the Republic in 1911 ended this patriotic cult there.

The prevailing religion in both China and Japan is Buddhism. Introduced from India into China in the first Christian century, Buddhism reached Japan by way of Korea in A.D. 552. One of the most eminent of China's modern *literati*, Mr. Lin Yutang, writes: "Buddhism has conquered China as a philosophy and as a religion—as a philosophy for the scholars, and as a religion for the common people . . . It has stimulated our literature and our whole world of imagination."

These words might have been spoken for Japan also. Indeed, Japan owes far more than China to Buddhism. The Chinese had already had centuries of indigenous culture before the introduction of this new civilising force, whereas literature and all the arts were alien to Japan. With the introduction of Buddhism they flowed into that island country from China through Korea. A student of Japanese culture, Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, says:—

"Buddhism was the teacher under whose instruction the Japanese nation grew up. All education was for centuries in Buddhist hands. Buddhism introduced art, introduced medicine, moulded the folklore of the country, created its dramatic poetry, deeply influenced politics and every sphere of social and intellectual activity. As a nation the Japanese are now grossly forgetful of this fact."

Other observers believe it was not forgetfulness of their debt to Buddhism but, rather, resentment at the need for acknowledging so great a foreign cultural indebtedness, that made Japanese patriots try in the nineteenth century to supplant Buddhism by the native Shinto cult. To the objection that Shinto contains no ethical teaching, it was replied that "only a naturally depraved people like the Chinese need ethical systems; the Japanese are so divine that they may safely be left to follow their instincts."

Buddhism has, however, persisted in Japan as in China. It is a curious fact that the Japanese have never translated the Buddhist canons into their own language but still use a Chinese version. Moreover, the architecture of Buddhist temples in Japan copies Chinese models. But the Shinto shrines, though at one period modified by Buddhist influence, have now been restored to primitive simplicity.

The fact that temples are better kept and cleaner in Japan than in China reflects rather the greater cleanliness and efficiency of the Japanese people than a deeper religious instinct. "Essentially undevotional" is Chamberlain's estimate of the Japanese, while among many witnesses to the undevotional nature of the Chinese is Count Hermann von Keyserling, whose *Travel Diary of a Philosopher* records the marked contrast between Indians and Chinese in this particular.

Confucianism, upon which Chinese moral and social codes have been based for over 2,000 years, is not, strictly speaking, a religion. Indeed, it is frankly agnostic. Questioned about immortality, Confucius replied: "We don't know life, how then can we know death?"

According to Mr. Lin Yutang, the agnosticism of Confucianism is the most natural attitude of the Chinese mind: "For the Chinese, the end of life lies not in life after death . . . but in the enjoyment of a simple life (on earth), especially the family life, and in harmonious social relationships. . . The absence of religion makes this possible."

Confucianism, which was swallowed whole by educated Japanese in the early seventeenth century, amalgamated well with the feudal ideas of Old Japan. For two centuries this Chinese philosophy and social system swayed the minds of the Japanese aristocracy. But the restoration of the Emperor to power, and the remodelling of Japan's educational system caused the Chinese classics to be neglected after the middle of the nineteenth century.

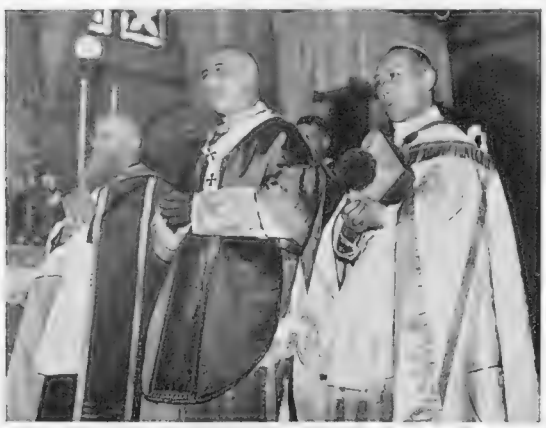
Confucianism as a code is consequently defunct in Japan to-day. But its influence lingers incorporate in *Bushido*, "The Way of the Warrior," an ethical code whose chief tenet is loyalty to Emperor and feudal lord above all other considerations, even that of preserving one's own life. But no Japanese to-day would acknowledge the debt to Confucius.

Christianity has sporadically and spasmodically influenced both China and Japan. It cannot, however, be said to have permeated either country enough to be reckoned to-day as a direct national force, though the fact that several of China's greatest figures (General and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Dr. H. H. Kung, and Mr. T. V. Soong among others) are pious Protestant Christians may have significance for the future.

Just 300 years ago, in April 1638, a massacre of Christians (then almost all converts of Portuguese and Spanish Jesuits) was thought to have rid Japan of Christianity, but the opening of the country to the West in 1868 has once more given Christian doctrine—in its many contemporary forms—a chance to take root there.

There are Japanese statesmen, themselves irreligious, who favour religion for the people as a deterrent from "dangerous thinking." Mr. Fukizawa, the educationalist, is quoted as having said, ". . . the maintenance of peace and security in society requires a religion. For this purpose any religion will do . . ."

F. E. Dean



TOKYO'S FIRST ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP: The Most Revd. Tatsuo Doei (*right*) pictured in the Roman Catholic church at Koishigawa during the ceremony of his installation. The Christian faith has made only moderate strides in Japan of recent years

A CULTURAL FORCE IN NIPPON: The Buddhist monks of Minobusani, near Fujiyama, processing through a cloister on the way to morning service. Buddhism, which reached Japan by way of Korea in A.D. 552, was the means of introducing to the country an interest in literature and the arts. Indeed all education was for centuries in the hands of the Buddhist priesthood whose influence spread to practically every sphere of social and intellectual activity. "As a nation the Japanese are now grossly forgetful of this fact" recalls the author of the accompanying article

A Christian Chinese Leader

A Character Sketch of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, American Educated Wife and Helpmate of the Generalissimo: A Woman of Courage and Fortitude in National Crisis

THE first time I saw Madame Chiang was the day of her marriage with General Chiang Kai-shek, when as a guest at the ceremony I watched her, in her lovely wedding dress, slowly descending the great staircase on her husband's arm, followed by her retinue of bridesmaids, into the auditorium, where the final rites of her wedding were to be consummated.

I remember so well thinking, as I saw her coming down those stairs, a slim, graceful figure, with eyes downcast, "I wonder what life holds in store for you—I do hope you will be happy"—and at that moment she raised her eyes, and I saw her in the full glory of her womanhood. She has most wonderful eyes—eyes which seem to read your innermost thoughts and bore into your very soul! I should hate to be the man or woman who deceived her.

And so they passed slowly on—her husband the Generalissimo proudly possessive, as well he might be, on the day he linked his destiny with one of the most remarkable women of the age.

"In sickness and in health, for richer for poorer, till death us do part". Through all the years of their married life until to-day she has never failed him—throughout all his trials, surrounded by enemies and intrigue, she has been ever with him, his right hand—his "Guiding Star".

In the few short hours he gives himself from his arduous tasks for relaxation she is by his side. They are both passionately fond of beautiful scenery, of flowers, of nature in its widest sense.

Above all, I think they love his native place near Fenghua the best. There they lead a simple life. Madame Chiang has often described it to me—the beautiful hills and mountains in the spring-time ablaze with azaleas, which grow wild in great profusion—the glorious sunset over the mountains—the moonlight walks in the bracing air! I think we were both equally disappointed that ill-health prevented my accepting her invitation to be her guest.

Here, far away from the exigencies of their political life, they can relax, ride, climb, enjoy the privacy they so seldom get, with her little black Pekinese capering at their heels.

I have by me a snapshot of them both, sitting on a rock chatting together—both radiantly happy! I never knew a more devoted couple! She is verily "the apple of his eye," and he is inconsolable when necessity arises for her to leave him for a short visit elsewhere.

My husband first made her acquaintance before her marriage as Miss Mei-ling Soong in 1923, when they were invited by the Shanghai Municipal Council to sit on a committee which had been organised in connection with the amelioration of the conditions of child labour in the factories under Chinese and foreign control in and around Shanghai, under the title of "Child Labour Commission."

Even in those early days he was immensely impressed with the extraordinary talent Miss Soong had for a quick perception of the difficulties involved in so vast an undertaking, and the intelligent way she handled them. She seemed to envisage at once the weak spot in an argument or an administration, and her intimate knowledge of her own people was consequently of invaluable help to her fellow-members on the Commission.

This extraordinary administrative ability, as evidenced in one so young, was, without doubt, inherited from her mother, Madame Soong, whose death in 1929 deprived China of one of the ablest women of the country and left a blank in the family which could never be filled.

The atmosphere of deep religious conviction in which she was brought up imbued her with a high standard of rectitude, from which she has never swerved—a standard which has influenced her whole life, as well as her husband's.

The Generalissimo leads a Spartan life. He is up at sunrise and expects his subordinates to be equally industrious. He works far into the night. Above all a soldier—an autocrat, and a strict disciplinarian—when he commands he expects to be obeyed.

His is a most forceful character, with an indomitable will, with only one thought uppermost in his mind—"his country"—and next to that, the welfare of his people, especially the poor farmers.

The last ten years of his life have been very strenuous. The arduous work he has done in the interior during his bandit-suppression campaign makes most interesting reading.

Here one has the opportunity of seeing the real character of the man on whom the eyes of the whole world are focused at the present moment. Here also Madame Chiang, with her remarkable talent for organisation, has been of invaluable help to him.

Maternity homes have been established for the poor women, schools have been built for the children, hospitals provided for the sick, with trained nurses in attendance, the farmers helped to return to their homesteads which are the mainstay of the family, and financial aid given by the Government to reinstate themselves.

Roads have been constructed where erstwhile only wheelbarrow tracks existed. A new system of hygiene has been organised, with supervisors to train the people to live under more sanitary conditions.

The condition of the people in these devastated areas left by the bandits was almost inconceivable in its horror and misery. Whole regions were nothing but charred ruins—women and children huddled by the roadside starving. Madame Chiang travelled for days in a sampan (native boat), accompanied only by her faithful servant through these war-torn areas left in the wake of the bandits, with scarcely a bowl of rice per day for food in the bitter winter weather, in order that she herself might see the extent of their suffering and find out the best way of helping them.

No thought of self, no sacrifice has ever been too great—nor does she allow anything to prevent her from carrying out her errands of mercy. Her country and her poor were then, and are now, her first consideration. And through her influence, coupled with that of the Generalissimo, the Chinese are awakening to that which they have lacked so long, viz., unity and patriotism. And it is this new-born, intense love of their country which is proving a tremendous factor in the struggle now before them.

Throughout the work of both the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang one sees manifested the spirit of Christianity. It was this spirit which enabled the General, during his enforced captivity by his enemies in Sian, to maintain the wonderful fortitude in his sufferings which gained him not only the respect of his enemies, but such a loyalty from his people throughout the country as he had never before experienced.

Marion Cornfoot

EMPEROR WORSHIP: Tokyo schoolchildren taking part in a mass demonstration in Hibiya Park Stadium when they declared their loyalty to the Emperor and affirmed their belief in his divinity

BEFORE BATTLE: A battalion of the Tokyo Regiment at prayer at a Shinto shrine prior to leaving Japan for the Chinese war zone. Shintoism is not a religion at all, and is really Emperor-worship paralleling the contemporary German attitude towards the Führer

GUIDING STAR: Madame Chiang Kai-shek whose great influence with her husband, the Chinese Generalissimo, has done so much for the welfare of China's people in the years of crisis. She is a Christian

THE PAPAL STRUGGLE IN THE GREATER REICH

Roman Catholicism Faces a New Crisis in the History of Its Dealings With the German State

HITLER'S FIRST ARTICLE OF FAITH is a united Germany, but he is not opposed to Roman Catholicism, declare his spokesmen, provided it fully accepts the Nazi regime and does not interfere in the political field

GERMANY, even under Hitler, cannot escape her history. Three hundred years ago, the whole of the Holy Roman Empire was plunged in religious warfare. The development of religious influence in the countries that once formed that empire must be understood before we can follow what is happening to-day in the new Germany. It is quite possible that the struggle between Church and State will alter the whole future of the Nazi programme.

After the Thirty Years War came a period throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when the two richest families in that empire struggled for supremacy. The Habsburgs were the owners of vast territories in Central and South Eastern Europe, the Hohenzollerns gradually increased their estates in North Germany and East Prussia; the Hohenzollerns were Protestants, the Habsburgs Catholics. Bit by bit the Habsburgs became more interested in their Italian and South European subjects and tried to drag Northern German States with them. The North resented their ardent Catholicism, and Frederick the Great, towards the end of the eighteenth century, although a convinced atheist, found himself the champion of Protestantism.

After the Napoleonic Wars, Catholicism linked itself up with the Holy Alliance and the party of reaction in Vienna; this resulted in much anti-clericalism in the middle of the nineteenth century. When the German Empire was formed in 1870, the Catholics found themselves in a distinct minority owing to the severance of the link with Austria, and they decided they must strengthen their political influence by acting together in all possible matters of a political nature. The result of this was the Centre Party.

While Prussia took the lead, the Catholic Centre Party had but little influence in pre-war Germany. The Kaiser went so far in his dislike of Catholicism that he would never allow there to be a Roman Catholic Bishop of Berlin. The first diocese of Berlin was formed out of the large archbishopric of Breslau immediately after the great war. It is unfortunate that to-day the bishop of Berlin should not be a Prussian, there is still a feeling in Prussia that a Bavarian is an alien, and the present bishop, Count Preysing feels himself, in consequence, much handicapped in Berlin.

After the great war the Centre Party was the strongest party supporting the unpopular clauses of the Treaty of Versailles; the Party did its best to make the new democracy run smoothly, but it was not easy and Catholics found themselves suddenly in an unexpectedly powerful position. It should not be forgotten that up to 1918 there were still certain small German States where no Catholic priest was allowed to function in public without special permission, and where, when a Catholic was buried, the priest had to hand over his fee to the Lutheran pastor. It can be understood then how much the people living in these small States of the Reich resented the fact that the Catholic Centre Party controlled the country without actually having a majority.

People have wondered why, when the Nazis came into power, the Catholic influence collapsed so quickly, just as they are wondering to-day why the Austrian bishops issued a proclamation in support of Hitler's plebiscite. In Germany the Catholics organised themselves to an amazing extent after the great war. There was a Catholic Youth Movement with a membership of millions, a Catholic Women's Organisation, and a Catholic Labour Organisation. This meant that the youth of Germany, the women of Germany, and the workers of Germany, who were Catholics, looked for leadership to the president of their organisation and his office, either in Berlin or in Dusseldorf.

But this has never been the ideal of church government for Catholics. The spiritual leader is the Pope and after him every bishop is supposed to have a complete control over his own diocese. In Germany the bishops found themselves taking a back seat in their own territories, whilst national leaders, either of the Centre Party or of the different lay organisations told their flocks what to do. The bishops resented this and were unhappy at their loss of leadership.

Moreover, the organisation for the bringing up of the Catholic child, the education, the finding of jobs, his life as a worker, the finding of a wife and even the reading of Catholic newspapers, all these things were so organised as to prevent the Catholic understanding the anti-Catholic teaching or contacting with such people as the Nazis. But however great was the organisation, it was impossible to keep Catholics completely away from non-Catholics.

The bishops may have disliked the trend of the Catholic movements, but since they brought such a great power to Catholicism in Germany, they were unlikely actively to oppose them and so they supported the Centre Party against the Nazis.

When the blow fell and the Nazis came into power, not even the bishops realised how much authority would eventually come to the anti-Christian wing of the Nazi party. Herr von Papen, however, realised it to the full, and he used every effort possible to bring about a Concordat or diplomatic agreement between the Vatican and the German Reich. He argued that if the Catholic priests who were mixed up in the Centre Party could be got to give up politics altogether, then those elements in the new regime favourable to religion would have their hands strengthened in an effort to give the Church full liberty of spiritual action. But it was perhaps too much to expect of human beings, especially of men who had been in power a number of years. Incident after incident arose until finally we find the Catholic Church in a weakened and almost impossible position at the time of Hitler's march into Austria.

HE CAME OUT FOR HITLER: Cardinal Innitzer, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Vienna, who gave his support to the Nazis on their annexation of Austria and was subsequently called to the Vatican, presumably to explain his conduct

The position has been aggravated in the following ways: the influence of the large Catholic organisations was so completely curtailed as to be almost wholly destroyed; the Catholic Press was slowly but surely suppressed and Catholics cut off from their national organisations had to fall back on leadership from their local bishops, of whom it is no exaggeration to say, many of them knew little or nothing. The bishops themselves have now, for five years, been trying to build up some kind of diocesan organisation and all this time they have had to fight against the forces of irreligion. Moreover, they themselves had no recognised leader in Germany, since there were no fewer than three Cardinals and a vast number of bishops, most of whom had previously run their dioceses as far as they could, in direct contact with Rome and not under any recognised German leadership.

Since the Nazis came into power there have been no fewer than three bishops elected to act as liaison officers at different times between the State and the Church authorities. First of all it was the Bishop of Osnabruck, to-day it is Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich.

The bishops have also found themselves in the difficult position that as long as the Vatican does not denounce the Concordat with Hitler, they, the bishops, cannot openly oppose him when he is officially on friendly terms, however precarious, with the Pope. Should the Concordat ever be broken, then no doubt the State would cease to pay the clergy a salary they at present give them; and the bishops calculate that directly and indirectly over a million people would be thrown out of work and would have to be provided for by the Catholic Church; a situation which they feel they cannot possibly face.

THE HOLY FATHER, whose concern for the welfare of his flock in Germany has made his later years a heavy burden

There is still one further difficulty they have to face, and that is that Germany is still officially a Christian country and the Government, as a Government, has not openly attacked Catholic dogma; that being the case, it is the teaching of the Catholic Church that the State cannot be opposed. It becomes extremely difficult for the bishops who are cut off to a large extent from their flock to explain to them what is vital Church teaching, and what is desirable for the Church, though not vital. The ordinary man in the street naturally cannot see this distinction and is beginning to become not a little disgusted with the lack of leadership from the bishops, and so is beginning to fall away from religion; especially is this the case amongst the younger generation. Undoubtedly within the last year the bishops have been more outspoken in their criticisms, but even so, they are handicapped, and the German Government knows it; almost everything that is done against the Church is done by the Nazi Party as distinct from the State Government. Lastly, Herr Hitler has never yet come out with any statement to contradict the one he made publicly in 1933 that he was born a Roman Catholic and remains one to this day.

I once asked a leading German Catholic magnate and a close personal friend of Hitler's to explain why Hitler allowed this persecution to go on. He pointed out that Hitler's first friends were a motley lot, but they were true to him; he puts less faith in those who have joined him since his success. He will not alienate his first friends unless they do something very extreme; he prefers to leave it to them to try out their theories and if necessary have them turned down by the common sense of the German people. If, however, they go too far, then he strikes; as witness the occasion of the shootings in June, 1934, and Hitler's flight to Munich to stop the arrest of Cardinal Faulhaber in the winter of 1933.

Another well-known German Catholic, at present in the Government of the Reich, has explained to me that Hitler's first teaching is for a united Germany, and if Catholicism can give up all forms of politics and then show a strong resistance to any anti-God teaching, Hitler will, in the end, insist on the dropping of such beliefs. All the more so will that be likely when he finds Germany back in the position that she was in before Austria left the Empire. Now she has inside her borders a fresh 6,000,000 of Catholics.

The old Protestant element and the Prussian element of North Germany are greatly worried at this move towards the South; they fear it may mean a weakening of their Nordic influence and of their Nazi theories with the free and easy spirit of the South. There can be no doubt that the next few months will see a good deal of uncertainty in interior German politics and to my mind and that of many others who have been watching the developments of the last two years, the key to the future lies with the policy of the four Cardinals of new Germany, the bishops in their own dioceses, and how far over 27,000,000 of Roman Catholics understand them and follow their advice.

W. Teeling

Malayan Marriage

Gay Costumes and Trappings at Muhammadan Nuptials—The Bride and Bridegroom Receive for a Week

A WEEK AFTER THE WEDDING the Malayan bride and groom, dressed in all their nuptial finery, sit together every evening while friends and relatives visit them. The receptions are really intended to give the fullest public witness to the union of the couple

DANCING TO THE DRUM BEATS on a typical Malayan wedding-day

Weddings in Malaya are arranged by parents and a price is often placed upon the bride in accordance with her value as a housewife. On the wedding day the bridegroom proceeds to the bride's house in company with a priest, the latter entering the bridal chamber and asking the bride if she consents to the marriage. The register is then signed and, from the religious and legal point of view, the ceremony is over. The reception that follows, however, is an elaborate affair and the gay costumes of the participants are a sight to behold. The couple are not left alone together until they have been married about a week and then, in accordance with the dictates of their faith, they must take their bath together

A LITTLE BRIDESMAID IN ALL HER FINERY at a Malayan wedding and *(left)* children carrying lanterns and decorations at the marriage festivities

THE NAVY WANTS PHOTOGRAPHERS

An Interesting New Branch of Activity in the Senior Service

AFTER PROCESSING: Examining cine-film in the laboratory at Whale Island, Portsmouth, where boys of H.M.S. *Excellent* are being instructed in the technicalities of photography which from now on is to form an important phase of work in the Royal Navy. The senior service has need of camera records, and to keep these a skilled staff is being brought into existence under expert supervision. Those who receive this course will be able to take, develop, and print their own pictures, and will have at their finger tips a knowledge that will always stand them in good stead

TECHNICALITIES: An instructor explaining to recruits of H.M.S. *Excellent*, Wha Island, Portsmouth, the intricacies of synchronising film with sound effec Knowledge of this type thus gained can never be wasted and when t boys come to take up a civilian occupation after their period at sea th will, as likely as not, find waiting for them jobs at remunerative rates of p

HOW TO HANDLE THE CAMERA: A class under instruction at the Whale Island School

PROBING THE MYSTERIES OF THE CINE-CAMERA at Whale Island, Portsmouth, which is turning out first-class cameramen who one day will surely graduate to the cinema industry. Nowadays the Navy, in common with the Army and the R.A.F., has much that is useful to offer and it is for this reason that it makes such an appeal as a profession

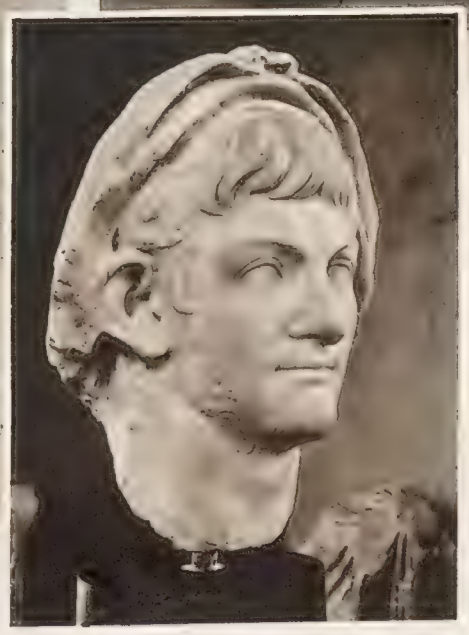
OLD CORINTH LIVES AGAIN

Wonders of the Ancient City Brought to Light by American Excavators

DRAMATIC PANORAMA: A view showing the rugged nature of the country round Corinth, a city that has known Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Turkish domination and provides a first-class field for the archæologist. Since 1896 the American School of Classical Studies has been at work on the site, and the pictures on this page relate to some of the latest finds. *On right*—An excavator bringing in parts of a marble frieze

THIS TORSO OF VENUS was included among the finds made during the past season's work in Corinth, as also was the bust of Nero (*on right*) which the Emperor presented to the Corinthians as a mark of his gratitude for their hospitality

POTTERY OF THE GEOMETRICAL PERIOD: When every piece that can be found has been assembled these vases are placed in the hands of potters who re-model them on the original plan, incorporating the original material



On right—
GIFTS TO THE GOD OF MEDICINE: These bones, it is believed, were willed by their owners to the deity in gratitude for healing them during their lifetime. A Greek, for instance, whose broken leg had been successfully re-set, would leave the tibia and fibula to adorn the temple of the god

d

WITH THE CAMEL

Guardians of Order in the African Desert W

THE RAW MATERIAL: A herd of camels, bred at the Witdraai breeding station of the Kalahari Camel Police Force, pictured among the sand dunes where they graze together. A few of them are hobbled and the rest, being gregarious by instinct, seldom stray very far away. As they are needed they are broken in one by one and, when fully trained, take part in the work of patrolling the desert to which they are so well suited

EXERTING THE WHITE MAN'S AUTHORITY: Men of the Kalahari Police Force out on their rounds. They patrol an area of 10,000 sq. miles of desert, keeping order among a sparse popula sisting of Hottentots, Korannas, and the nomadic, dwarf-like B

IN A LAND OF THIRST AND GLARING SUN: A patrolman of the Kalahari Camel Police Force pausing in the shade of a thorn tree on his daily beat which takes him far out into the desert, away from water and all the amenities of civilisation. Even so he retains his smart, well-turned out appearance to a remarkable degree

WHEN THE CAMELS STAMPEDE: Sometimes the untrained animals get out of hand and the police have quite a job preventing them from careering away across the desert. Once they are broken-in however they cause considerably less trouble, and their great powers of endurance have been the means of saving many a life

MEN OF THE DESERT PATROL riding through typical Kalahari country with stunted thorn bushes and grasses here and there adding a touch of verdure to the desolate landscape. A not infrequent task is rescuing men lost in this wilderness of sand. Word of their plight sometimes comes in from the Bushmen, and immediately the

POLICE OF THE KALAHARI

Wastes — A Well-Trained Force and Its Difficult Mounts

i Camel
f about
tion con-
ushmen

who for so many hundreds of years have roamed the desert and have proved so hard to tame. But it is not only the natives who require constant vigilance. The Kalahari has always been a favourite hunting ground of illicit diamond seekers, while its big gemsbok reserve draws any amount of poachers

ol sets out to the relief. To get lost in the Kalahari is easy enough. The dunes are
cherous landmarks and to tramp through them without food or water in the blistering
is a test which only the hardiest and most experienced travellers can endure
out succumbing to panic. Men, after wandering for days, often lose their reason

HEAD CONSTABLE GAGIANO: The Chief of the Kalahari Camel Police who among his duties, runs the breeding establishment of the force at Witdraai where he has lived for the past thirteen years almost cut off from civilisation. He and his wife are not without their comforts, however, the Government providing them with many luxuries to make up for their isolation

A LEADER OF THE HERD: Hobbling a camel in order to prevent its straying far from the police post. If one or two of the animals are dealt with in this way the rest will usually remain with them as, like sheep, they never like being far apart. Camels need highly individual treatment and to get acquainted with their idiosyncrasies is a veritable life work

THE KALAHARI'S CAMEL POLICE:

Like Canada's "Mounties" They Always Get Their Man

THE sun rose and set twice before we reached Witdraai, the camel breeding station of the Kalahari Police. We had come in my Ford, specially designed for expeditions of this kind. It had been hard and slow going, this pushing through sand and loose gravel—all the way from the little but very hot town of Upington on the southern border of the great desert. Besides being one of the dullest towns in South Africa, it is also one of the driest. The last decent rain fell in 1934.

We had letters of introduction from "higher authorities" to the post commander, who with his two white constables is stationed here. As we were to start off from here for the hinterland of the Kalahari, the "authorities" had hinted at the possibility of borrowing camels from the station, and to our great relief the post commander, Head-constable Gagiano, at once agreed to supply us with a caravan. Because, as he put it, the camels needed the exercise and the men the experience. The police at Witdraai were an uncommonly pleasant lot of people and we felt that we were genuinely welcome. They seemed glad that someone visited them. No wonder, often months go by without their seeing a new face. The heart of the Kalahari Desert is not exactly a centre of traffic—and a stranger is welcome. And so we were asked to stay for a few days at the station before plunging in earnest into the desert on our exploration.

Head-constable Gagiano and his family have been living here for the past thirteen years—and they said they liked it. I believe them. The Government has gone out of its way to make life in the sands worth living—and has provided them with many luxuries not accorded other police posts in South Africa. They have a neat, roomy house. On the river bed a perfect tennis court has been laid out, and is frequently used. A radio has been installed. Occasionally, Mrs. Gagiano admitted, life got, nevertheless, a little monotonous. There are no electric lights, no shows. Her children have not yet tasted ice-cream (refrigerators have not yet reached the Kalahari) nor has any aeroplane so far passed over Witdraai, as it lies outside the regular airway routes. But she does not worry about these matters of little consequence; what is more important—her vegetables refuse to grow. The soil is pure sand and the only thing that grows well is asparagus—and one cannot live on that alone. So now subsoil is being brought from the fringes of the desert, about 200 miles away. In a month or two she hoped to have a fine vegetable garden.

However, conditions have not always been as "ideal" as they are now. When, way back in 1904, it was decided to have a police post at Witdraai, the first station was located in a cave. The cave is still there.

The Kalahari Camel Police has to patrol a huge area—about 10,000 sq. miles of desert. Its population consists of Hottentots, Korannas, and the dwarf-like nomadic Bushmen, who roam all over the Kalahari. All these natives must needs be controlled, and the white man's authority in these regions is manifested by the presence of the police. Like the picturesque Royal North-West Mounted Police (of Canada), the Kalahari Police have the reputation of getting their man—no matter what distance their patrols must travel or what hardships they must suffer in running to earth the law-breakers of the desert.

The little, wild people of the Kalahari, the Bushmen, are hard to tame. For hundreds of years they and their forebears have roamed the desert, hunted its game, knowing no law but that of the "survival of the fittest"—which in these days, more often than not, conflicts with the white man's idea of right and wrong. If, in bygone days, the little, yellow man used his poisoned arrow to exterminate a hated rival, either for his hunch-buttocked woman's favours, or for the right to hunt in a particular region, or for the possession of a water-hole, it was perfectly all right with the rest of the world—until the advent of the white man. After that, only gradually, did the Bushman learn that to take human life invariably carried grave consequences to himself. Often he was caught and hanged. To steal sheep or cattle, or to appropriate anything not belonging to him was suddenly forbidden. But, in time, he realised that to disobey the white man's "do's" and "don'ts" meant that the police would sooner or later catch him, and that he would be severely dealt with.

The necessity for keeping up this prestige throughout the sandy wastes of the Kalahari is one of the main objects of the Camel Police. Swiftly, and often secretly, moving about, they are here, there and everywhere.

The collection of taxes is another problem entrusted wholly to the police. The native must pay his "hut tax." Not much, but, nevertheless, hard to squeeze out of him. Then there are summonses to be served, prisoners to be brought in and lodged in the local lock-up before being taken to far-away Upington for trial.

But it is not only the natives that require constant vigilance. The Kalahari has always been the favoured hunting ground of diamond seekers, and its vast gemsbok reserve, recently proclaimed, draws poachers as honey does flies. Time and again, word comes to Witdraai—often through roaming Bushmen—that some wanderer is lost, is without water, and about to perish unless relief quickly reaches him. Immediately the Camel Patrol sets out to find the man. To get lost in the desert is much easier than one would imagine. The dunes are treacherous landmarks, and to tramp through them without food or water, in the blistering heat of the desert, is a test which only the hardiest and most experienced desert travellers can undergo without succumbing to panic—and death. Thirstland shows no mercy.

When the Camel Patrol goes out, it is not known to outsiders when it will return nor which route it is taking. The men may stay away for a few days or for a week or more; the longest patrol Head-constable Gagiano has undertaken lasted eighteen days, but then he, his men, and the animals all but perished from lack of water.

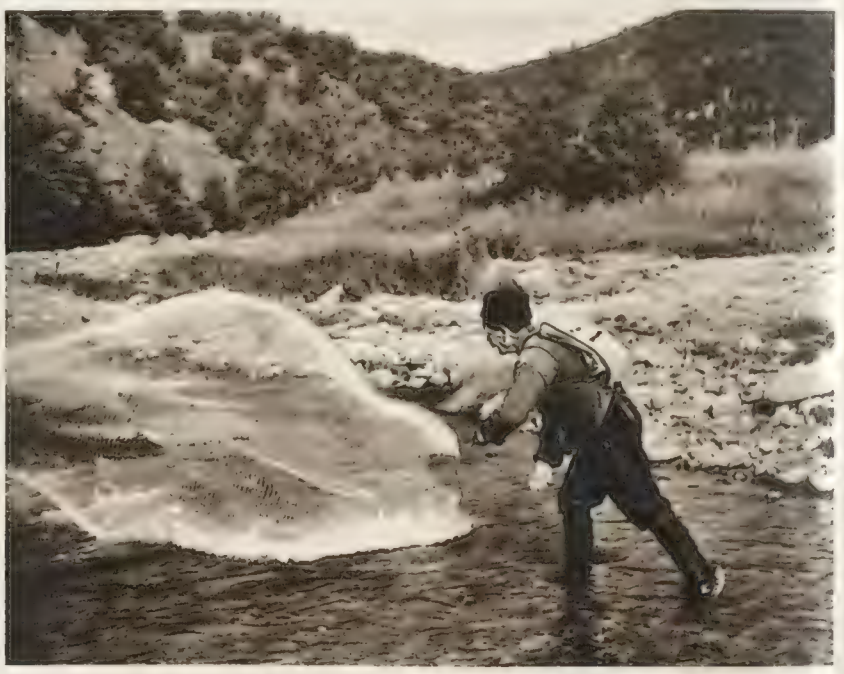
The Witdraai camel breeding station keeps about ninety animals. These are bred and trained here, and when they have "passed their examinations" they are distributed among the other desert stations, or sent to the Bechuanaland or South-West African Police, where there are other large desert areas to be patrolled. Naturally their breeding and training requires specialised knowledge, and for that reason Head-constable Gagiano has been stationed here for such a long time. He is rated as the greatest expert on camel work south of the equator.

Head-constable Gagiano explained to me the finer points in camel training. There seemed to be eight different stages: (1) to "couche"—the animal is taught to kneel and to stay that way. This is a most important lesson. (2) to get up when ordered. (3) to be led about. (4) to get used to grooming. Saddles and reins are now frequently put on the animals and quickly removed. (5) to allow himself to be led by a rider mounted on another camel. (6) to be saddled and to keep the saddle on his back. (7) to be ridden. One camel out of every thirty will now buck and attempt to throw its rider off. This is, of course, the most dangerous part of the trainer's job. (8) to be ridden and to lead another unwilling beast.

A. E. L.

How Bulgaria's Peasants NET THEIR TROUT

FISHING WITH A DIFFERENCE: The Bulgarian peasants are great trout fishermen, making the most of their rivers and streams, and their methods are highly individual. They use a wide circular net with lead weights attached. This is held in the hands and teeth, as depicted *on left*, and, if skilfully thrown, spreads flat over the water as *on right*



A GOOD THROW: A Bulgarian trout fisherman casting his net over the waters in skilful fashion. Considerable practice is needed in order to make the net as nearly flat as possible. The attached lead weights then carry it to the bottom of the stream, and, if luck is on the fisherman's side, a fat trout may be imprisoned beneath

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT: The fisherman slowly and carefully draws in the net from the bottom of the stream, all the while keeping a close watch to see if a trout is imprisoned within. This method of fishing has been practised by the Bulgarians for centuries and as a rule yields catches much more prolific than with rod and line

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

PARIS PREPARES . . .

For the State Visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth in June: Sumptuous Apartments in the Palais d'Orsay

REHEARSAL: Erecting a flag pole outside the Madeleine during experiments with street decorations in Paris in readiness for the arrival of the King and Queen at the end of June. This will be Their Majesties' first visit to a foreign country since their accession

FOR many years, no event has been looked forward to with such pleasurable anticipation by the French people as the visit of the King and Queen to Paris at the end of June.

Preparations are already in full swing to assure their being housed in a truly royal manner, and in the best traditions of French hospitality, which goes far deeper than meets the eye.

After various suggestions had been put forward, including that of the Palace of Versailles, it was decided that the most suitable and practical habitation for Their Majesties was the Palais d'Orsay, where King George V and Queen Mary stayed during their State visit in the early summer of 1914.

The Palais d'Orsay, in normal times the residence of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was built in the reign of Louis Philippe by Lacornée. Strangely enough, already in his plans of 1845 there are indications for the projected royal apartments. Its outer structure is a good example of the best type of French architecture of the earlier half of the nineteenth century, being restrained and classic in style without clashing with its neighbour, the Palais Bourbon, constructed in 1722.

The ground floor has always served for official receptions, and will continue to do so during the royal visit. It contains the Galerie de la Paix that became famous during the Peace Conference. Also the celebrated Salon de l'Horloge, so called because of the clock set in a framework of gilded pillars over the mantelpiece. And the great banquet hall that is 20 ft. high and 100 ft. long, opening on to the garden.

All these, together with the Salon de la Rotonde with its wonderful Aubusson tapestries, are undergoing a super spring cleaning, under the direction of M. Brunau, the official architect to the Foreign Office.

The main interest of the building lies at present in the apartments destined for the use of the royal guests. These are on the first floor, and all overlook a large garden that is entirely secluded from public view by trees and a high wall. This consists of spreading lawns, with two statues from the park of Marly. For the royal visit it will be made gay by masses of roses.

M. Brunau is being aided in the decoration of these apartments by M. Guillaume Janneau, the Director of the national treasure house known as the Mobilier National and of the Manufacture des Gobelins. These contain furniture, carpets and tapestries of inestimable value and unusual beauty, of which the finest have been selected by M. Janneau and his colleagues for the decoration of the apartments of the royal guests and their suite.

Already ministers and their staffs have been banished from the main building of the Palais d'Orsay, where four hundred workmen are busily employed laying down new parquet in the banqueting hall and cleaning the palace from roof to cellar. Also various bathrooms are to be installed. All this work is to be completed by May 23 when M. Janneau and his staff take command and start the work of moving in furniture, tapestries, hangings, and pictures. The main part of this task is to be completed on June 1, and a fortnight will be devoted to finishing touches; but the last workman is scheduled to leave the palace on June 15, by which time everything will be ready for the royal visit.

In addition to the actual cleaning and constructive work that is going on at the Palais d'Orsay, 100 workmen on full time are busy in the various workshops of the Mobilier National overhauling the furniture destined for the decoration of the royal apartments, cleaning the carpets and tapestries, regilding and upholstering chairs and settees.

It is interesting to see the workshop in which the seventeen great chandeliers and innumerable wall brackets that will light the first floor apartments are being put in order. All the framework is being regilded. The pendants of rock crystal, 400 to each of the largest chandeliers, have all been removed and are being cleaned with alcohol and water, to be replaced with new silver wire. Each of these chandeliers will be lighted with sixty lamps of from 30 to 100 candle power each. This work is supervised by a foreman who has been in charge of the workshop for over twenty years.

Another long gallery of the Mobilier National is in charge of a woman. She has a staff of eighty women and girls, the eldest aged sixty-three and the youngest sixteen. They spend their time repairing tapestries and brocades of historic antiquity, aided by designs from the studios of the Manufacture des Gobelins. The silk they use for their incredibly fine stitchery is specially dyed for the purpose in the laboratory of the Manufacture.

WHEN THE LATE KING GEORGE V VISITED FRANCE IN 1914 this bedroom at the Palais d'Orsay was placed at his disposal together with furniture used by Napoleon at Fontainebleau. Now the State apartments are once again being prepared and exactly the same furniture will be used by King George VI during his stay in Paris at the end of June

It takes about three years to repair the worn tapestry that covers a Louis XV settee, after it has been cleaned. Some of it appears so threadbare and has suffered so much from the depredation of that mortal enemy, the moth, that it seems incredible it should ever be fit for use again. Yet when these women hand it back to the upholsterers it is as good as new, while retaining all the lovely pastel effect of colours that are mellowed by age. The head of the workshop showed me with pride the Beauvais tapestry for a settee for the Queen's private sitting room in a lovely flower design of which the background is being repaired. She told me that when it is finished it will be good for centuries.

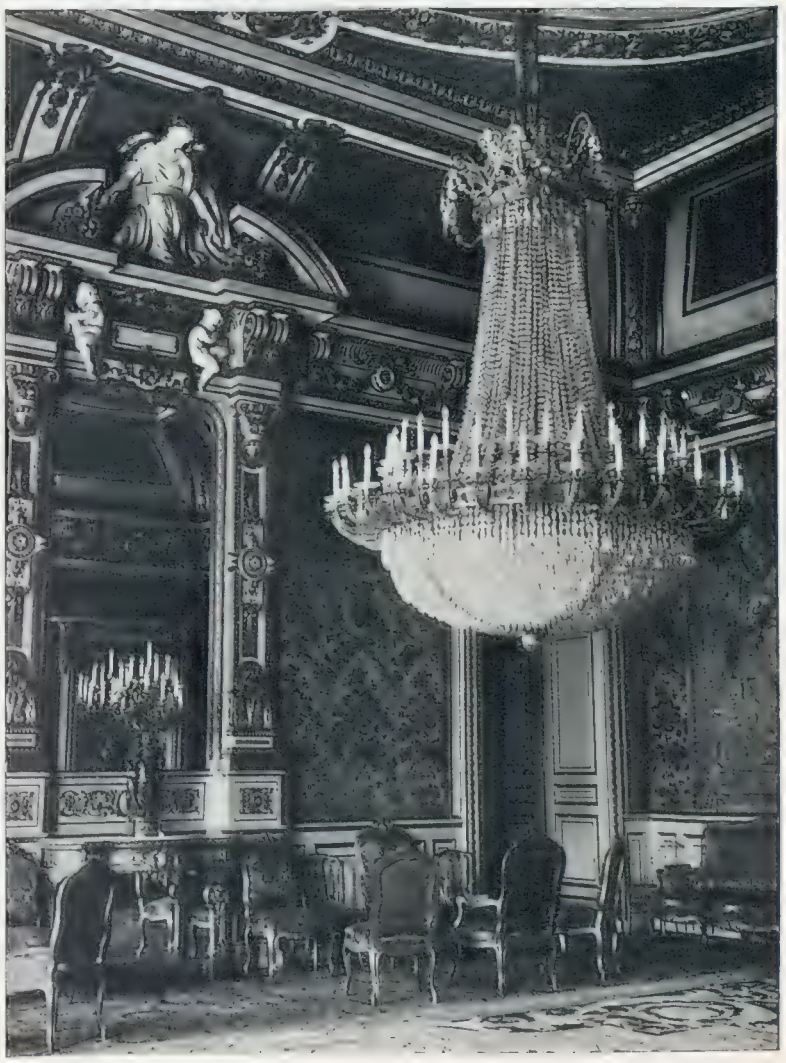
In addition to all this preparation in Paris, Lyon is weaving over a 1,000 metres of the finest silk into brocades, taffetas and satins for the hangings, curtains and upholstery of the royal apartments and for the bedrooms reserved for the members of the royal suite who will stay at the Palais d'Orsay.

The Queen was asked to choose the colours she preferred for her own apartments, and these are to be in pale eau-de-nil green and beige. The walls will be hung with green satin. The curtains are to be of beige brocade woven in a lattice design of small laurel leaves with tiny berries just tinted with rose colour. The same brocade will be used for the bed belonging to Marie Antoinette in which she slept at the Palace of Saint Cloud. It will be placed in an alcove opposite the window. The carved pillars are characteristic of the most delicate workmanship of the eighteenth century, representing quiverfuls of arrows, garlanded with ribbons, and on the traverse is carved the little motif found on so many of the personal belongings of Marie Antoinette, two small interlaced hearts, pierced with two arrows.

All the furniture in the Queen's bedroom and drawing-room is Louis XVI, covered with exceptionally beautiful Beauvais tapestry of the period. It includes couches, chairs, and a screen in a flower design on a beige ground with a bluish-green border. Also a Psyche mirror in mahogany and gilded bronze, which is extremely rare, for this only became general under the first Empire, when it was considered an innovation in the time of the Empress Marie Louise. The Queen's writing table is an exquisite little *Bonheur du Jour* in satinwood and bronze. In her drawing-room will be a magnificent desk in marquetry and gilded bronze. The carpets of her apartments will be pale grey-green, and the ceilings white and gold. Her bathroom will have pale-green walls and curtains of beige chintz with a green rubber floor. The bath itself will be of silver mosaic.

The drawing-room joining the Queen's apartments to those of the King is known as the Salon des Beauvais on account of the magnificent tapestries it contains. This is over the Salon de la Rotonde, and is also rotonda shaped with a great bay window overlooking the garden. It will contain a suite of furniture on Louis XV lines dating from the reign of Napoléon III, that was probably in use at the time of the visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort to that monarch and the Empress Eugénie. It is upholstered with Beauvais tapestry in a flower

(*Continued on page* 176)



THE GREAT DRAWING-ROOM AT THE PALAIS D'ORSAY which is now being got ready for the arrival of the King and Queen, an army of workmen being engaged on the task under the direction of M. Brunau, the official architect to the Foreign Office. The Palais is in normal times employed as the official residence of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs

A SUPERNATURAL ATMOSPHERE is cleverly conjured up in the opening scene of Ronald Jeans' play *Ghost For Sale* at the Whitehall Theatre when the guests at Tracey Manor assemble round a planchette in the darkened study, seeking messages from the spirit world. The tension is happily relieved from time to time by touches of humour

Special SPHERE *pictures*

PASSING THE BUCK: The dramatic scene in the study at Tracey Manor as Sir Gilbert Tracey (Evelyn Roberts; third from left) attempts, because of his fear of the ghost, to sell at any price the house he himself has only lately bought for a song from his brother Martin Tracey (A. E. Matthews; left). The potential purchaser proves difficult to handle; hence the anxious expressions on the faces of those around him. Another scene from *Ghost for Sale* at the Whitehall

VICTORIA REGINA ABROAD: Irene von Meyendorff who plays the young Queen in the German production of Laurence Housman's series of plays which are repeating their London success at the Renaissance Theatre, Berlin. The part of the Queen in later life is taken by Ercka von Theilmann

ON STAGE

In "Power and Glory" Karel Capek Attempts to Grapple in Terms of the Theatre With the Problem of War

ALTHOUGH it is not to be anticipated that Karel Capek's new play at the Savoy Theatre, *Power and Glory*, will run for ever and ever, Amen, it is a fairly successful attempt to grapple yet again in terms of the theatre with the question of the next European war and its relation to things in general and doctors in particular.

On the London stage doctors are, literally, much in the limelight just now, many plays being either by them or about them. One of these, *Death on the Table*, takes place entirely in a nursing home. The hero of *Road to Gandahar* (which had, I venture to think, an undeservedly short run) was a doctor who from sheer nobility of character murdered a man. *The Island* is written by a doctor. A doctor is a prominent character in the *Three Sisters*. Mr. Franklin Dyall's fine performance as a doctor who experiments on rats in his search for a cancer cure is one of the more sombre delights of *Idiot's Delight*.

Power and Glory—these plays from Mittel-Europe do indeed have a wild and rollicking flavour and are the very spirit of irresponsible fun—does not deal with cancer but with leprosy. We are to imagine a country ruled by a dictator in military uniform, alluded to as "the Marshal," and surrounded by much saluting and heel-clicking. The disguise is indeed thin, for this is so obviously a totalitarian State of the extreme Right.

I will not proceed to the unnecessary job of revealing the obvious, but will point out, not by way of political protest but in the cause of accuracy and mere common-sense, that the real person caricatured as "the Marshal" is not in fact the strutting nit-wit he is here represented to be, however much one may dislike his ideals and his methods. If the author intended to have a smack at Fascism this was not the way to set about it. The "Marshal's" State was about to plunge into war, for the "Marshal" was a sabre rattler on a large scale. A severe epidemic of leprosy cramped his style. There was something queer about this leprosy for (*a*) it only attacked people of fifty and over and (*b*) the only man who could cure it was a pacifist doctor who would take no cases which were not pacifist cases.

Now this situation has dramatic possibilities, but its probability I cannot accept. In the first place, leprosy does not attack only the middle-aged and elderly; and, in the second place, successful treatment was discovered years ago—at least for those in the earliest stages of the disease, and the victims in the play are made to talk of "the white spot," by which they mean the first symptoms. Thirdly, I find it difficult to picture a doctor in any totalitarian State being allowed to declare frequently and dramatically that he will reserve his ministrations for members of his own political creed, that creed being violently opposed to that of an admittedly despotic government. True, the doctor was killed by a mob as the final curtain fell.

For all the heroic pedestal erected for him, it would have been amazing had he lasted one act if this play bore any relation to real life instead of being an interesting attempt to dabble, and not more than dabble, in the more flamboyant aspects of it. Possibly there are those who even fail to see heroism in a doctor who is such a political fanatic that he refuses to save from a loathsome disease his political opponents.

But if M. Capek had taken that line there would, of course, have been no play at all. As it is there is a crudely effective melodrama which holds the attention for all its frequently muddled reasoning and its false antitheses. A millionaire armament manufacturer, for instance, is dragged in—a more emotional type than his fellow in *Idiot's Delight*—in order, apparently, to enable him to say to the "Marshal," "I can't shake hands with you, I am a leper!" and for the heroic doctor to attempt to strike a bargain with him. Not even that fine actor, Mr. C. V. France, could make him other than a transpontine figure, and a queer one at that.

Mr. Oscar Homolka "doubled" the parts of the doctor and the "Marshal" and did brilliantly in both capacities. Yet by such virtuoso opportunities considerable damage has been done to the play which cries out for scenes between these two characters.

A perfect performance came from Mr. Felix Aylmer, whose priggish, pedantic, and sycophantic head of a clinic stood out as something tangible and human among heroics that were largely false, and an only too realistic, and therefore dreary, atmosphere of sick-rooms, nurses, medical "shop," long white coats, long dull speeches, and the rest of the familiar paraphernalia of the London stage at present.

"Poison Pen."

—The wife of a country parson fares badly on the stage as a rule, "and so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts." They are portrayed as being robed either in dull virtue or in spite and hypocrisy, and more often as sinners than as saints. Mr. Richard Llewellyn shows us in *Poison Pen* a specimen as foul as can be, and it says much for his skill that she does not overbalance the play altogether. After suburban

ITALY MAKES A PROPAGANDA FILM *Bronze*, a picture treating of native only under the protection of Rome natural, unaffected acting of the Sq

AND SCREEN: *Reviewed by Philip Page*

THE PHOENIX THEATRE'S NEW MANAGING DIRECTOR: Stephen Mitchell, a native of Aberdeen, who has recently been appointed to this important post

peregrinations it has come to the Shaftesbury Theatre, and Miss Margaret Yarde with it. Thanks to that skill, and to Miss Yarde, it should, if justice is done to it, be in its present home throughout the summer.

Miss Yarde is an actress of remarkable power and subtlety who has hitherto had few chances to show her abilities except as a comedienne. She is middle-aged and an ideal choice for amusing termagants in eighteenth-century comedy. I recall her fine performance as a procuress, or something of the sort, in the operetta *The Du Barry*, with poor Anny Ahlers. Mr. Llewellyn has given her superb, if drab, opportunities as the sister of a parson of a rural parish who makes a pretty village pretty hellish by writing foul anonymous letters. She is not of the type one would suspect of being capable of doing anything of the sort; she is not in the least sly and sneakish outwardly, and is, in fact, the reverse for she is loud-voiced, tweed-wearing, superficially sympathetic and to the world a "good sort"—the good sort (I know 'em) who can make a village a good sort of place to keep out of and to stay out.

But the real woman is a victim of sex-repression and of heaps of other repressions, inhibitions, and subtle evils generally. This may not have been wholly her fault. Her victims, however, were even less to blame and most cruelly did she make them suffer. The climax of *Poison Pen* is the confession scene, which is of extraordinary dramatic force. We are a long time reaching it, for the author is frequently inclined to wander from the point. Fortunately he does not wander far enough to spoil the thread of his drama and, still more fortunately, there are Miss Yarde and, as the worried parson-brother, Mr. Walter Fitzgerald, to carry the big scene through. There are many subordinate parts, indeed, rather too many. But I liked Mr. Neville Brooke's police-inspector and, in particular, the work of Miss Peggy Primrose and Miss Ethel Warwick.

"Le Roi S'Amuse" (Film).—I have never yet seen a really poor French film, and *Le Roi S'Amuse* at the Academy is better than most. But were it well below the high French level, I would welcome it for the appearance in an important role of M. Raimu, who is one of the world's best actors on the stage or the films. Many people will remember him some time back in that gloriously funny film, *Ces Messieurs de la Santé*. Here he is a wealthy *parvenu* and he dominates the whole story, which is rather a straggling one of a king—imaginary, of course, though one can hazard a guess at his identity, the appearance of a lady whose name ends in -escu in the part of the king's lady-love not exactly hindering the guess-work—having a "beano" in Paris.

His Majesty is in Paris ostensibly to fix up some commercial contracts on behalf of his country. There is no evidence that he over-works at this, and plenty of time is left him for playing around in Paris in the fashion in which the male world, royal or non-royal, is traditionally supposed to play around in Paris. M. Raimu, the millionaire, has an ex-actress wife (Mlle Gaby Morlay) and an aristocratic friend (M. Lefaur) who squabbles with him. The millionaire discovers the king in a compromising position and the thing becomes as complicated as an old Palais Royal farce, and considerably more amusing.

The details are much less important than the satire and the political aspect which, however, is never too heavily political. The French are usually in a muddle with their governments, and their politics are of a complexity sufficient to puzzle a chess champion. But they are always able to poke rapier-like fun at almost any political situation. Here we have witty stabs at democracy, bureaucracy, aristocracy, high finance, and low dealing. It is all very well done. But one must have the taste for it, since the supply is on the ample side.

The acting is superb. I have never been able to find sufficient superlatives for M. Raimu. Mlle Morlay is one of the brightest (as well as one of the brainiest) ornaments of the French stage. M. Victor Franlen, as the king, displayed both dignity and tact which should be the attribute of all kings, real and imaginary.

GROWING UP! It seems only yesterday that Nova Pilbeam, who is pictured here riding on Wimbledon Common, was being eagerly hailed as Britain's leading juvenile screen star. Now she is eighteen years old and making a bold bid for film honours in adult roles. Nova is a great open-air girl, and, in addition to riding near her Wimbledon home, is fond of tennis, skating, and motoring. Her acting ability comes from her father, who was for long closely associated with the late Sir Nigel Playfair of Lyric, Hammersmith, fame

"POWER AND GLORY" AT THE SAVOY: Oscar Homolka as the Marshal in Karel Capek's new play, the *première* of which was delayed by the tragic death of Mrs. Homolka. In the tradition of the theatre, however, Mr. Homolka refused to leave the cast and he gives a really first-rate performance

IN ABYSSINIA: A charming scene from *Sentinels of* life and, in its denouement, pointing the moral that can the people hope to find lasting peace. The malis is an outstanding feature of the production

"BEER IS BEST" said these extras as they slaked their thirst between "takes" at the Gainsborough Studios, Islington, where they have parts in the Alfred Hitchcock film *Lost Lady*. There are between 3,000 and 4,000 men and women who work in the British studios as extras. Their living is decidedly precarious for they average only one day's work a week for which they receive about thirty shillings and overtime

A Page for Women

BEING A MANNEQUIN IS NOT SUCH FUN

IF you have ever envied a mannequin as she appears at the end of a long, glittering salon, calm and aloof, her loveliness enhanced a thousandfold by the exquisite clothes she wears—just think again. Unless she has the disposition of an angel, plus the stamina of a horse, she is not getting so much fun out of life.

Let us suppose she is a real top-notcher. That will mean that she is employed regularly at one of the famous dress houses, for every good dressmaker makes his entire collection on the girls who are to show the models, and his particular nightmare is that one of them will leave him when the season is just beginning so that all her clothes will have to be re-made on another girl — always assuming that he has the good fortune to find another girl of a similar type. For model girls are not chosen simply because they are attractive and their measurements are good. They must be representative of certain strongly defined types, for the right dress on the wrong girl has no chance of being a success. In London model girls are usually really beautiful. In Paris they are not, because nobody bothers. Only Marcel Rochas and Patou have outstandingly lovely girls. The rest rely on a tremendous flair for clothes and a smooth swiftness of movement that gives life to everything they wear. Their perfection of technique more than compensates for any physical advantages that London girls may have.

On the whole, nobody very warmly welcomes charming amateurs, no matter how glamorous they may be. Modelling is serious work, and one scatter-brain can cause quarrels and serious dissatisfaction among all the girls in no time at all. Besides, the designer locks up too much capital in each of his collections to want to run any risk of upsetting clients through unpunctuality or casualness.

She clocks in regularly—just like the fitters and all the workroom girls

She spends hours putting on and taking off make-up, and probably longs to be comfortably untidy

So it is that ravishing model girls, who sweep by like queens, wrapped in sables and an atmosphere of unassailable superiority, clock in, just like every other member of the vast organisation, usually at ten o'clock. Her work will go on until about 6.30. Most probably she will lunch in the canteen, very lightly, despite the fact that every model girl declares that she has an appetite like a horse, and that she would never dream of banting. After that a rest with her feet up in the rest room, for nothing in the world is so tiring as remaining perfectly poised for hours, walking, and turning in high heeled shoes on thick pile carpets.

Up again her make-up has to be redone, and she has to emerge once more, looking as though she has not a care in the world. That is her routine during the time that the collections are shown. When they are actually being made she has to stand for weary hours being fitted, helping the designer all she can by falling in with his pictured ideas, dependent entirely on his mood. Add to that the hours that have to be spent at the hairdressers, and the fact that choosing clothes never seems to bring out the best in women, and you will realise that a model girl's serenity is based on iron control. Most of them, when their work is done, thankfully get into thoroughly casual clothes. They spend their week-ends tramping around in loose tweeds and camel hair coats, or they look conscientiously careless in slacks that have nothing to commend them save comfort. It is so true that familiarity breeds contempt that mannequins almost invariably provide overwhelming examples of how not to treat your clothes. Naturally, none of the proud beauties at any of the leading couturiers would dream of carrying with her the clothes that she has to wear at the photographers. They are sent round by a messenger. But neither, apparently, would she dream of packing the things when the sitting is finished. She simple hurls them into their boxes.

Girls who specialise in photographic work come into a different category. Generally speaking they are a very friendly and generous crowd, with not a trace of jealousy among them despite the competitiveness of their job. Their work is free-lance, and the most successful of them can make from £1,200 to £1,400 a year for perhaps two or three years. This time limit is imposed by their own popularity, for during those years their face appears with such regularity in every type of magazine and paper that by the end of it everybody is tired of seeing them. If they are wise they take a long holiday while they are still at the top, or they work in America or on the Continent. Then they can come back, changed as far as possible, with the certainty that they will be able to make good money again.

The majority of them are likely to make about £400 or £500 a year. This means that they will do approximately ten jobs a week. The length of time each takes may vary from half an hour to three hours in the studio. On top of that they have their journeys, and each time they will have to take off their own make-up and put on a complete photographic base. If they are good they should be able to manage this in half an hour. They have to wear with assurance clothes that probably fit them nowhere. They have to be prepared to drag around a suitcase holding the various accessories and garments they are asked to bring. And they have to adapt themselves to different temperamental photographers as well as to emphatic people for whom the pictures are being taken.

As to prospects—the model girl in a famous house may become a vendeuse and earn upwards of £1,000 a year. And the photographic model can only hope that some of the many contacts she makes will prove useful to her when she wants to take up other work. Few of the girls, no matter how lovely they may be, make glittering marriages.

Here one of the loveliest girls in London is wearing a petunia and white patterned evening dress, eagerly watched by a group of women who are planning their own spring outfits

Before she emerges from the dressing room she is carefully inspected by fitters, for no tiny detail must mar her finished perfection. She probably changes her clothes about forty times a day, and this in itself is a tiring feat

She knows the value of complete relaxation, and whenever she is able to rest she puts her feet up, for nothing tires them more than standing and walking all day on thick pile carpets

What Other People are Doing

BITING WINDS SWEPT ACROSS THE COURSE AT TOWCESTER, where the Grafton Point-to-Point Races were held recently, and Miss M. Conyngham must have been grateful for the warmth of a fur coat as she waited to compete in the Ladies Race

REWARD OF VIRTUOSITY: Veteran film actress Alice Brady receiving the plaque presented to her by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for one of the outstanding screen performances of the past year which she gave in the film *In Old Chicago*. Miss Brady, who recently broke an ankle, was unable to attend the Academy's annual dinner in Hollywood, and the presentation was in consequence made in her own home. She is forty-four years old, and comes of a theatrical family

NOTED K.C.'S SON OPENS SNACK BAR: Mr. Nicholas Hastings (right), son of Sir Patrick Hastings, serving behind the counter at the new premises he has just opened in Finchley Road, adjoining his newsagent's shop. When asked if his enterprises were a hobby, he replied: "I am trying to make a living"

THIS IS ALBERT HALL, aptly named five-year-old prodigy of Workington, Cumberland, who is being hailed as a musical genius. He recently gained a second prize at Carlisle Festival

MRS. MARJORIE QUENNELL, part author of that brilliant work on *Everyday Things in England* and other historical volumes, has just been elected the first woman Honorary Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects. She is curator of Geffrye Museum, Shoreditch

LABOUR GAIN! Dr. Edith Summerskill, doctor wife of a doctor husband, pictured with her two children, Michael and Shirley, on the morning after her victory in the West Fulham by-election in which she regained the seat for the Labour cause

ROMANCE IN THE SCHOLASTIC WORLD: The Hon. Richard Hope, son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Rankeillour and Headmaster of the Oratory School, Caversham, seen with his bride, Miss Helen Lambert, the school matron, after their marriage at the Church of Our Lady and St. Anne at Caversham. The Captain of the School (third from right) acted as best man, and other boys were ushers

A STATELY CAROLINA RESIDENCE: This typical colonial house, known as Hayes Plantation, lies just outside Edenton and is one of many homes in the district that conjure up the characteristic atmosphere of 18th-century America

BEVERLY HALL: This typical example of colonial architecture was built in Edenton in 1810 as a combination bank and residence, housing the staff of the first State bank of North Carolina. It continued as such until 1835 when the Government at Washington withdrew its deposits and the place thereafter became a private residence

IN COLONIAL CAROLINA

The Old Town of Edenton, Linked with the History of American Piracy, Still Retains its Eighteenth-Century Charm

IN the last Christmas number of THE SPHERE readers will doubtless recall an illustrated article entitled "The Discovery of Edenton" in which our correspondent, Mr. Nelson Springer, told something of the story of this old Carolina seaport town on Albemarle Sound. He described how in the colonial days of the eighteenth century Edenton was the capital of the province of North Carolina and also a focal point of attention for the pirates who at that time swarmed along the coast, lying in murderous wait for peacefully bound merchant ships. He told, too, how the notorious Edward Teach, or "Blackbeard" as he was called, was supposed to have bribed the Governor, Sir Charles Eden, and how the former met his death and the latter, given the benefit of the doubt, found a not unhonoured grave in Edenton churchyard.

It was a dramatic story, and it was good to learn from it that Edenton to-day has not lost its old-time character. Lying as it does right off the beaten track of industrial progress, it retains its colonial atmosphere to the full, and in this connection many of its buildings are finer examples of the period than those in Williamsburg, the much publicised Virginian town lately restored, and some think over-restored, through Rockefeller munificence.

Deeply interested in Edenton is Mr. Richard D. Dixon, the Clerk of the Superior and Recorder's Courts there, and his knowledge of the town's history is second to none. He has lately sent us the accompanying pictures showing the character of the older buildings in Edenton, and in the following notes he tells what he knows of them and their past.

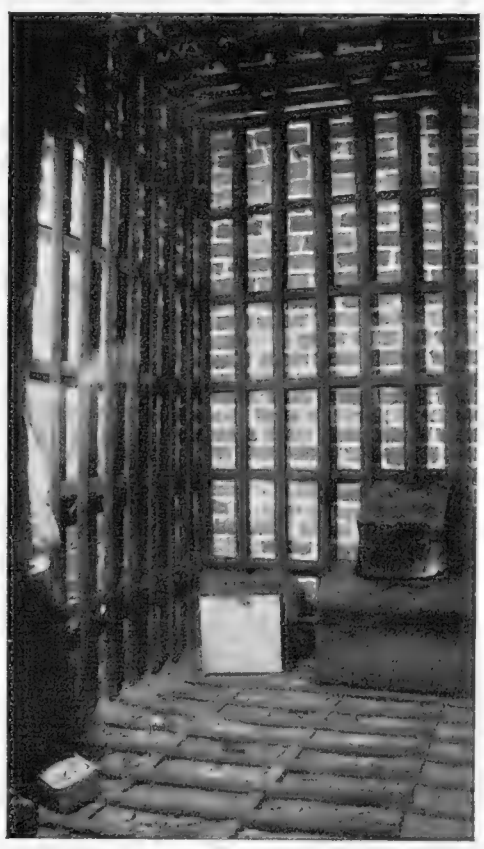
Hayes, writes Mr. Dixon, was named after the home of Sir Walter Raleigh in England and was the seat of Samuel Johnston, leader in the Province during Colonial times, Governor of North Carolina in 1787–1789, and the first United States Senator from North Carolina. This magnificent edifice surrounded by 1,500 fertile acres, stands out in all America as one of the finest estates of its time. Several portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and other famous painters adorn its walls, and its immense library contains many valuable English first editions as well as a great store of early American literature.

Beverly Hall, another important old building, was built in 1810 as the first State Bank of North Carolina. It was a bank-residence structure, the banking business being carried on in two rooms on the first floor and the President and cashier of the institution occupying the balance of the house with their families.

Built up from the ground through the cellar and opening into the cashier's room is a brick vault nine feet square. The door opening into the banking-room is of wood and behind this is a steel door and the interior of the vault is encased in steel bars. The key weighs almost 2 lb. and is larger than the key to the Bastille. Beverly Hall is the only house in America that was built as a combined bank-residence and having a vault of this kind originally built into it.

The bank continued business until 1835 when the Government at Washington withdrew its deposits and the bank was liquidated. Since that time it has been used solely as a residence, the present owners and their families having held it continuously for nearly ninety years. To the side and rear of the mansion are the gardens, comprising almost two acres. No pictures of the vault have ever before been published.

THE CUPOLA HOUSE was built in Edenton in 1758 for Francis Corbin, notorious land-agent and tax gatherer for Lord Granville, one of the Lords Proprietors of Carolina. It is now the Edenton Museum and Shepard-Pruden Memorial Library



THE BANK VAULT at Beverly Hall. A brick room with its walls lined with steel bars. The key to the place weighs very nearly 2 lb.

The Cupola House on Broad Street, writes Mr. Dixon, was built in 1758 by Francis Corbin, land agent and tax-gatherer for Lord Granville, one of the Lords Proprietors. In 1729 the other seven Lords sold their interests in Carolina back to the Crown but Lord Granville continued to claim and hold his one-eighth.

The activities of Corbin proved so oppressive and unpopular that a large body of men came to Edenton from Halifax County, 100 miles distant, in 1759, seized Corbin and carried him back to their County and forced him to sign a document adjusting their affairs.

Suffice it to say that Corbin immediately resigned his office of agent but remained in Edenton until his death. His house is now the Shepard-Pruden Public Library and Edenton Museum.

STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 2

The Camerons of Erracht like their kinsmen of Lochiel, bear a sprig of oak for a badge. Unlike other clan badges the oak is not an evergreen, and its fading was generally held to be unlucky. But the Camerons find the oak of good omen; for the old leaves never wither and fall till young leaves are there to replace them.

The Erracht tartan is of late origin. In 1793 Allan (later Sir Allan) Cameron of Erracht raised the 79th or Cameron Highlanders. There was at the time fierce litigation between him and the trustees of Lochiel, and Allan refused to use the clan tartan for the regiment. He would have one of his own, and the task of designing it was entrusted to his mother. The set she devised has now come to be recognised as that of Cameron of Erracht.

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch

Gilbey's SPEY ROYAL *Scotch Whisky*

IT'S GOOD — IT'S GILBEY'S

D'ANNUNZIO: THE POET AND DREAMER WHO MADE HISTORY

A Biography by His Lifelong Friend and Secretary, Tom Antongini: The Fiery Genius of the New Italy

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO was not only a great poet but he was also one of the last of the poets to make history. In modern days poets generally may be regarded as a mild lot; and, in spite of the activities of some of them in that branch of politics known as the Left, there is scarcely one who with any show of active glamour can be associated with a political movement. Primarily as a poet, but at the same time as a vigorous combatant in the field of the rights of men and of nations, D'Annunzio is in direct line with Byron.

In a period when the map of Europe was being cast and recast, and when the victorious Allies were, under the pretext of securing a place thereon for small nationalities, busy colouring the map to their own aspirations the poet D'Annunzio became the patriot Italian, who was determined to secure for his country that which a united Italy had been denied for so long by the mighty Austrian Empire.

D'Annunzio was born in Dalmatia, where he was to make history sixty years later. He lived the life of the open fields; and from his earliest days wrote verse. Like most of the major poets, his earliest work received almost immediate recognition; and in his early manhood his verse began to take on the now well-recognised subtle vibrations of voluptuous style.

In middle age he took his place among the most significant figures in European letters: and it is said of him that in the theatre, at least, he revived the purple glories of the Italian Renaissance.

The poet was fifty-two when the war broke out, and he flung himself into it with all the fervour of a man determined to fulfil an heroic destiny. He fought in the trenches and in the Navy; but it was with the development of aerial warfare that he found his true *métier*. On every front new flying services were born during the great war; but whatever the view of Italian feats of arms in other spheres may be, history must record that in the air the Italians proved themselves to be daring and doughty opponents. D'Annunzio was no strutting uniformed figure at the base or on the ground. He soared into the skies with the same irresistible surge which inspired his verse; and it was he more than any one individual who brought about the demoralisation of the Austrians in the air.

The war ended, but the most dramatic episode in his life was yet to come. Sickened by the breaking of Allied promises about Fiume, he set out at the head of a private expedition of his own, seized the town, and for fifteen months defied the whole world to throw him out. Inevitably in the long run he had to submit; but he became, what he was, a national hero.

D'ANNUNZIO (Heinemann. 15s.) is a biography written by his friend and personal secretary Tom Antongini, who, in the course of a short preface, points out that most of it was written during the poet's lifetime. Antongini remarks that Oscar Wilde once said that among the friends of a great man, as among the Apostles, there is always a Judas. It is he who writes his biography. No man from his intimacies can write a biography of a friend without qualifying for the rôle; but D'Annunzio would have no reason to complain of crucifixion in these pages. Tempestuous, unscrupulous, unreliable, believing only in his own genius, he sacrificed to it everything which human nature is apt to hold most dear. He betrayed love and friendship time and time again. He deliberately exploited his own eccentricity; and through it all he served but one god, and that the star of his poetical destiny.

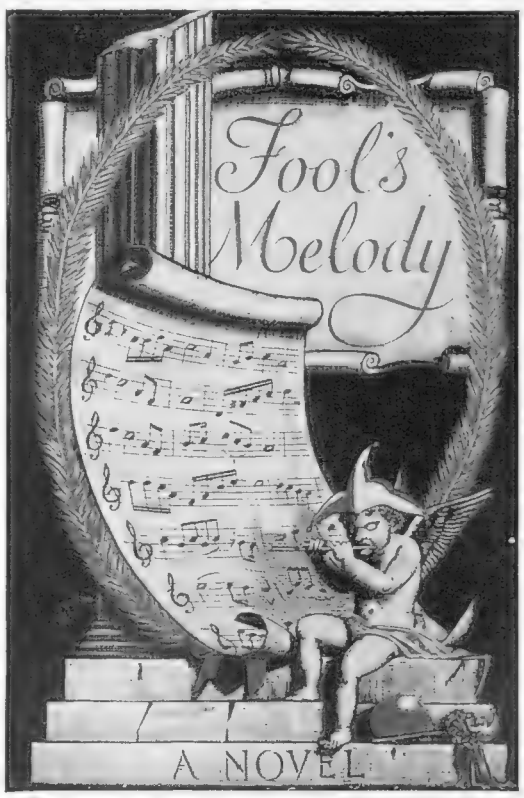
No one can read this book without realising that this was a man cast in a different mould—a man who could destroy most of what he touched in human contacts, but who could ennoble and enrich human experience with the fire of his own genius.

Another poet—and let us not for one moment question his place among the poets—is Lord Alfred Douglas, from whom there is a new book **WITHOUT APOLOGY** (Martin Secker. 10s. 6d.). It may be supposed that Lord Alfred Douglas had said everything there was to be said about the ups and downs of his career in his Autobiography; but in this book he proves that he can revive most of the old controversies as well as raise a few new ones, with no diminution of trenchant phrase and the accustomed vigour of expression.

From the trial of Oscar Wilde (when he was but a boy) onwards Lord Alfred Douglas has pursued a career during which he has given and received a good many hard knocks. In this volume he lays about him anew, sparing neither friend nor enemy in the process. On the trend of modern poetry he has many interesting things to say; but I doubt if the public interest will be seriously reawakened in the old, and by this time worn-out, quarrels with those who have publicly assailed him in the past. He has one or two new points to make and one or two fresh documents to reveal concerning some of the more controversial episodes in his life; and those who are interested will possibly accept them.

HIS SECOND NOVEL: G. S. Marlowe whose book *Pictures on the Pavement* has just been published by Collins and is expected to repeat the success of his first noteworthy effort, *I am Your Brother*

CONTEMPORARY HISTORIAN: Major-General A. C. Temperley whose new book, *The Whispering Gallery of Europe* is an account of his experiences as British Military representative in Geneva



MYSTERY BOOK: This is the attractive wrapper of *Fool's Melody*, a story with a domestic background and its setting in Sussex, which has just been published by Robert Hale. The author's name has been withheld and there is naturally considerable speculation as to his or her identity

THE WORLD OF ACTION (Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is not only the story of a life but one which takes in its stride every vital happening in the world since the turn of the century. In the seven pages of the *Index of Persons* are all the names who made history as well as the passing celebrities and the front-page comets of their time. They are there because it was Mr. Valentine Williams' job to be with them.

But not all of the time. At the beginning of the war, for instance, when "almost my first contacts with the Expeditionary Force were as the guest of Sir John French at British G H.Q. in France, discussing the military situation *tête-à-tête* with him in his study, with confidential reports to read . . ." he decided, after what seemed a fruitless battle with the authorities "to use our services intelligently," to resign and take a commission in the Irish Guards. "It greatly diverted me to find myself back at the front where, not a year before, I had strutted in and out of headquarters messes, talking to Army and corps commanders almost as though they were human beings and not demi-gods enthroned on almost inaccessible heights, where I now footed it beside my platoon on roads which of yore the C.-in-C.'s Rolls-Royce or the grey Vauxhalls of the Press Chateau had whisked me."

A Somme shell blew him sky-high. "I went up an experienced newspaper man, and came down a budding novelist." Convalescence was both painful and tedious. "I resolved to write a shocker." Thus the now famous Clubfoot was born.

Among the few things for which a trained journalist can be depended upon (sub-editor please verify) is that he never writes unless he has a story to tell. And because the lives of journalists are apt to be a succession of stories, mostly concerning celebrities; and because they happen to be on the spot, particularly if they are foreign correspondents, when important events are astir; and because, further, they are trained observers as well as writers and have retentive memories, their reminiscences are seldom anything but good reading.

They are not always good books, for the ability to compose a snappy cable despatch does not necessarily carry the gift for sustained narrative, and it has been borne in upon us that the interpretive conclusions of the most brilliant of correspondents can be singularly jejune.

It is with some pleasure therefore that we pick up another journalist's book and discover it to be the work of an experienced craftsman in the writing of books, and the autobiography of a man of wide culture and intelligence.

Mr. Valentine Williams was practically born a journalist. His father was chief editor of Reuter's, who rightly considered that a sound coaching in literature and languages was a necessary supplement to a public school education, so that although young Williams first went into Fleet Street at eighteen, the next few years found him in Paris and Berlin.

The reviewer's trouble with a book that holds the attention to every page as does this one is the temptation to quote and quote. What can I do to persuade every reader of these lines to get this book and be certain of hours of enjoyment? I can write a pretty paragraph or two of superlatives, suitable for the publisher's advertisements, but I am not sure that Mr. Valentine Williams needs sloganising to success.

I can only repeat that I have enjoyed every word of *The World of Action* and add that the creator of Clubfoot has never written a thriller one half so thrilling as his own autobiography.

Nobody can do this kind of thing quite as well as Mr. C. S. Forester. And by this kind of thing I mean a story of adventure on the high seas so thrilling that it deserves that shop-worn and often ill-deserved eulogy—"I couldn't put it down until the last page."

A SHIP OF THE LINE (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.) takes Captain Hornblower of *The Happy Return* a step further in his career, from his triumphant return from Panama in the frigate *Lydia*, to the hazardous enterprise of convoying a fleet of East Indiamen past the hostile coasts of France and Spain.

In the very early years of the nineteenth century prize money was a great consideration to the captains of His Majesty's Navy. Their pay was negligible and they were supposed to furnish all their own comforts of food and wine, and to pay for the ship's painting as well. A captain with a private fortune, from prize money or other sources, would have the woodwork of his ship handsomely picked out in gold, and supply a ship's band as well. As for his own quarters, a captain who attempted the spartan life on board his own ship would lose face with his men, and a certain amount of luxury was a necessary part of his sea-going equipment.

Our Captain Hornblower was not cut on the conventional lines of the bluff old sea salt or the dashing adventurer. He was a taciturn man by choice, since he always recognised in himself a tendency to natural loquacity. His men regarded him, with varying degrees of warmth, as a "rum 'un," and his officers knew him for what he was, a real seaman with an almost uncanny grasp of the secrets of navigation.

With them, and with a crew who had never known the luxury of volunteering for service, he sailed his Dutch-built boat, "the ugliest and least desirable two-decker in the Navy List," into battle and out again, till a final heroic and tragic defeat with which the book ends, leaving us certain of a sequel, and if not certain, at least insistent on one.

I am a die-hard among land-lubbers, and to read of feats of arms at sea usually leaves me, as Mr. Wodehouse has said, "in a state of indifference bordering on the supernatural." But since there must always be exceptions, Mr. Forester's books supply that, and are for me the very best stories of the sea that anyone is writing to-day.

Vernon Fane

This England . . .

Near Butleigh — Somerset

IN every village of the land, there are old stories of uprooted gates and angry marches because men would not have their passing hindered. And now it would seem that we will not have new roads, and the battle of the by-pass supplants the wrestle for the right-of-way. So lovely is our England, that you cannot cut a rural road without disturbance of a beauty spot. Yet is there a recompense; the road once made for them, the hurried hundreds will leave in green bird-haunted peace so many the more old places for our delight. Every good road in England leads to an inn; and if, as you raise your cool, rich Worthington, there be no passing earthquake to spill it at the lip, you must toast the road that brought you there—and the one that passed you by!

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

JOHN COBB'S WONDER RAILTON: The Three-ton Car with which he Hopes to Break the Land Speed Record in Utah

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

ONLY the other week I mentioned in these notes that a new baby Railton car had been born. Now another Railton car of a very different description has been completed. This car has been designed by Mr. Reid A. Railton for Mr. John Cobb, who will drive it in August on Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, U.S.A., in an attempt to beat the world's land speed record, at present held by Captain G. E. T. Eyston. Without doubt it is the most interesting motor car that has ever been built, and reflects the greatest credit on the designer and on the builders, Messrs. Thomson and Taylor (Brooklands), Limited.

Mr. Railton was responsible to a large degree for Sir Malcolm Campbell's famous *Blue Bird* and he is without doubt one of the cleverest designers this country possesses at the moment. The car would have been considered ingenious even if the designer had been given a perfectly free hand but he had to work out his designs to incorporate existing engines, and the suppliers of the tyres laid down the size of their products and the maximum weight that was to be placed upon them. With these factors settled beforehand he had to design the car.

I have referred to the design as being ingenious but it is not in any way freakish, although I would not like to say that any other car is anything like it. Briefly, one supercharged 12-cylinder Napier engine, complete with clutch, three-speed gear-box, and transmission brakes, is connected directly with the solid back axle. This whole unit is placed at an angle to the axle which it drives. There is another similar Napier engine, complete with exactly the same drive and brakes, pointing in the opposite direction, which is coupled with the front axle. Thus all four wheels are driven and so no twin wheels are necessary. The front axle is fitted with a differential and the wheels on this axle perform the operation of steering.

These two power and transmission units are mounted one on each side of a centrally placed box-type steel girder which, in itself, constitutes the frame. This girder is not straight but has gradual bends in it. The driver sits right in front of the front axle, close down to the ground. The instruments in front of him are all duplicated, those on one side giving him the necessary information about one engine and its unit, and the other about the second engine and its unit. One throttle, one clutch, and one brake pedal control the car, and by a clever arrangement one gear-lever suffices to change gears in both gear-boxes.

The transmission brakes which are designed to retard the car the necessary amount are water cooled, and in addition there is an auxiliary flap which constitutes an air brake for use in an emergency. This flap is raised up above the body hydraulically. The body is built of sheet aluminium and although it is almost 30 ft. long and 8 ft. wide it can be lifted up bodily by six men and placed in position.

IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING: The new Morris o.h.v. Series III 25-h.p. saloon. The graceful lines of the body together with a really lively engine performance make this a very serviceable car both for touring and town use

As the tyres have to be changed after each run, a run having to be made in two directions, the body will be lifted off for this purpose.

Looking at the car several things stand out immediately. Firstly, the colossal size of the wheels, their diameter being 44 ins. Secondly, the back axle has a track of only 3 ft. 6 ins. whereas that of the front axle is 5 ft. 6 ins. Thirdly, with the body in position there is no sign of a radiator. Actually, this fitment is not being used but a colossal tank, having a capacity of 75 gallons, will be filled up with ice before the commencement of each run.

The car is surprisingly low and looks rather like a flattened out whale. Of course, the great question which was immediately asked by everyone who saw the car when it was introduced to the eager on-lookers the other day was, "What speed will it do?" Both Mr. Railton and Mr. Cobb would not commit themselves to any definite answer, except that it has been designed to go faster than any car hitherto used for the world's land speed record or any car which will be in existence this year. From what we know of Mr. Railton there will be little doubt that it will do what he says.

The trouble with a car such as this is that it is quite impossible to test it in this country and, in fact, the only place at the moment where it can be given anything like full throttle is at Utah. It is not difficult to appreciate, therefore, that a designer must be very sure of himself, and the driver must have absolute confidence in the men who have brought it into being. Should anything be hopelessly wrong it would be quite impossible to rectify it at Utah.

In addition to Mr. Cobb, Capt. Eyston is also going out to the same venue to better his existing figure of 312 m.p.h. and it is not any secret that the American, Ab Jenkins, is also preparing to attempt to regain the record for his country. There are rumours that a German car is being built and, what is more, that a special road is being made in Germany for the attempt on the record.

Lighter lubricating oil is now right in the picture. Motorists will probably have noticed at garages and filling stations throughout the country that the well-known firm of C. C. Wakefield and Company Limited have produced a new lighter Castrol oil. The makers inform me that it has been tested by many famous motorists and they claim that its use can cut down repair bills by checking engine wear and can effect a 10 per cent. reduction in petrol consumption.

This new patent Castrol is lighter when cold but not too thin when hot.

THE ROVER SIXTEEN

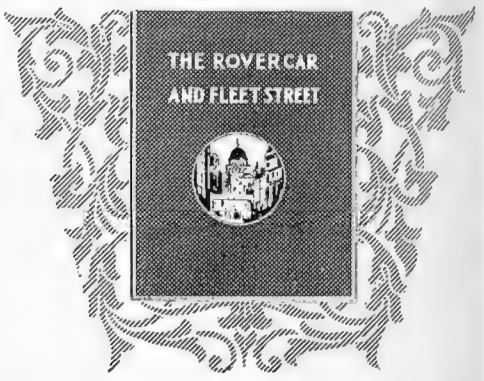
Saloon £360 Sports Saloon £370

THE ROVER CO. LTD., COVENTRY. London Showrooms: Henlys Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1

The Fleet Street experts are unanimous:

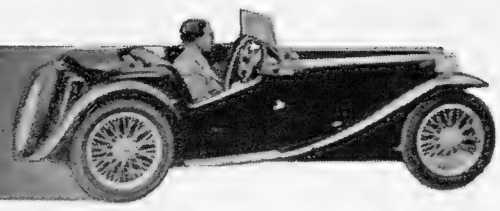
"Its running is the quintessence of refinement"—"A £1,000 car scaled down"—"Definitely one of the finest cars produced in Britain to-day"—and from the Daily Telegraph, "The Rolls Royce of light cars . . . more sweet running and silent than any car costing under £1,000."

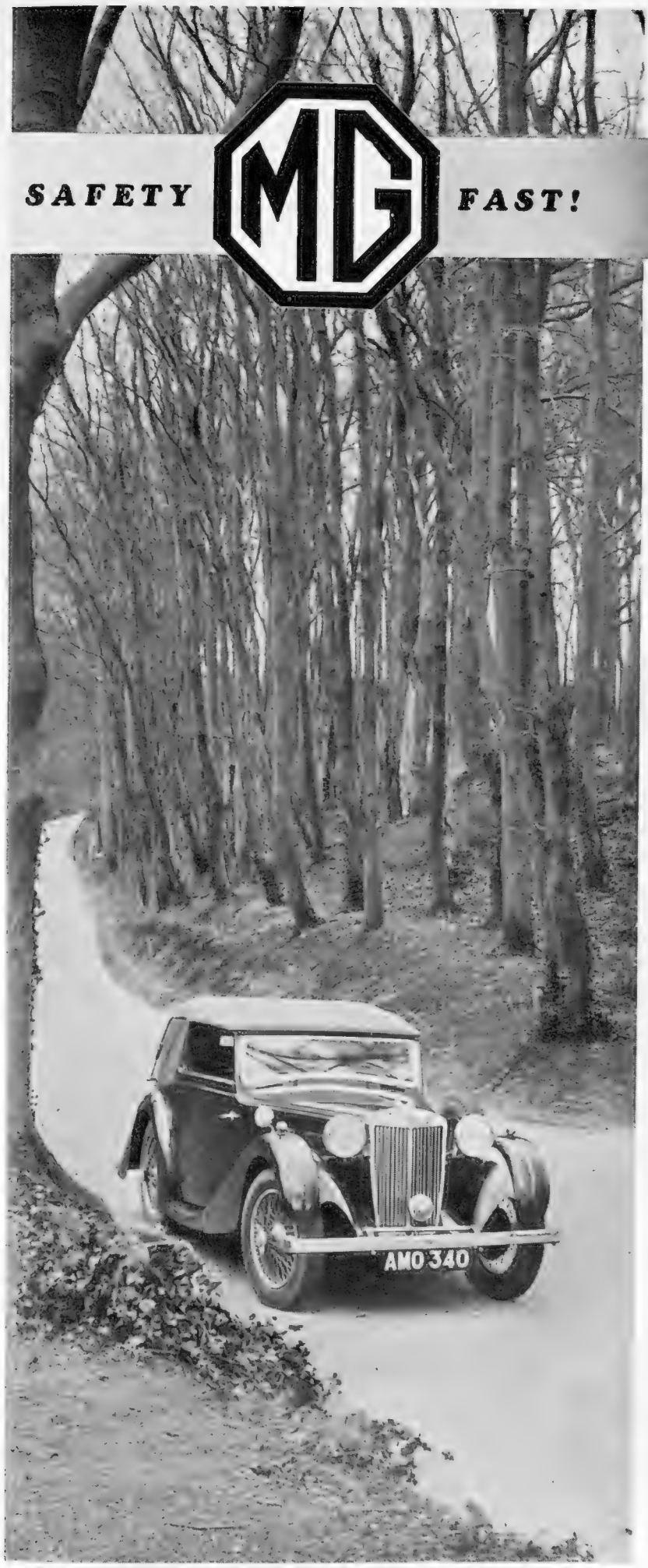
May we send you this illustrated book of Press Reports? It will make impressive reading.



CVS—269

SAFETY MG FAST!





CECIL KIMBER TALKS ABOUT 'RELATIVITY'

A curious thing this relativity when applied to Motor Cars.

The public will accept without blinking enormous price differences in the 25–30 h.p. classes. But when you come down to the 10 h.p. and 12 h.p. sizes it's a different story!

If our 1½-litre M.G. were priced in comparison with other 12 h.p. cars as the "best car in the world" is priced in comparison with other big cars, then its price would be about £750. Instead of which you pay only £330. It is curious, isn't it?

Cecil Kimber

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

M.G. Midget Series T £222 • M.G. 1½-Litre from £280 • M.G. Two-Litre from £389 • Prices ex works. Dunlop, Triplex

"BRITISH CARS ARE BETTER BUILT—BRITISH CARS LAST LONGER"

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED · ABINGDON-ON-THAMES BERKSHIRE · SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LIMITED · COWLEY · OXFORD · ENGLAND

Canada

* * *

"... for me, that long coast to coast journey (across Canada) was a great adventure which I should never hesitate to recommend to others ... I can assure them that once they have breathed in that wonderful Canadian air, experienced the varied charm of Canadian scenery and the warmth of a Canadian welcome—for however short a time—they will make up their minds to return some day ..."

—H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester,
in a recent speech to the Canada Club.

Canada for a grand Vacation

... where the sun really does shine! Whether you have two months holiday or only two weeks, we have Tours to suit you at moderate cost. In a month you can see the Rocky Mountains—Banff and lovely Lake Louise, as well as Niagara Falls and the big cities of Eastern Canada. In seven weeks you can tour the Dominion from coast to coast. In only two weeks you can cross the Atlantic twice by the luxurious liner Empress of Britain and see quaint old Quebec. All Tours include Atlantic crossing by the Short Sea Route and smooth St. Lawrence Seaway Cruise.

For Further Particulars—Your Local Agent or

Canadian Pacific
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

Trafalgar Square, London W.C.2 (*WHitehall* 5100) and 103, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, Liverpool, Southampton, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, Dundee, Belfast and Dublin.

Spring calls you to

GERMANY

Come now!

Germany will give you a holiday you will remember always. Who could forget the legend haunted castles of the Rhine, the grandeur of the Bavarian Alps and the peace and quietude of the German forest? Entrancing old towns like Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber and Dinkelsbühl will make history live again for you. Bad Homburg, favoured resort of Edward VII, and other famous Spas will bring you renewed health and vitality, and the modern cities of Germany will offer you entertainment and diversion in plenty. Everywhere you will find a ready smile, an unaffected eagerness to please.

And you won't be plundered. Living is very reasonable. Rail fares are reduced up to 60 per cent. and you get about 20 Travel Marks to your £, provided you buy them outside Germany.

For full information and illustrated literature apply:—

GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU

19 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

North America: Land of Promise

A Vast Travel Area of Boundless Attraction — Canada and the States

WASHINGTON THE MAGNIFICENT: Looking from the Treasury steps in the U.S. capital towards the statue of Alexander Hamilton (foreground) one of the great architects of the American Republic, the equestrian statue of General William Sherman (middle distance), the distinguished soldier of the Civil War, and the towering obelisk (background), which rises to a height of 555 ft., dominating the whole city

WITH the Atlantic steamship lines offering special excursion fares during two periods this year—one is now in operation and the other comes along about the middle of June—the time is opportune for a few suggestions for travellers in North America. The territory is vast and its attractions boundless, so it would be futile to attempt a comprehensive survey, and I propose to keep the subject within reasonable limits of time and money. The excursion arrangements stipulate that the return journey must be made within a month of the date of arrival, and that time on the other side is sufficient to see quite a lot of the countries whose frontier is protected, not by guns, but the finest example of "gentlemen's agreement" the world can show.

Whether you go out by the New York route or sail up the St. Lawrence to Montreal one objective will be the Niagara Falls, the most famous water falls in the world. Having reached that point there lie close at hand two interesting possibilities. Eastward a 1,000-mile voyage to the sea; to the west a cruise on the Great Lakes. Going down the St. Lawrence you see Toronto, a typically modern Canadian city, call at Kingston, one of the historic spots—it was founded by Frontenac—read a way among the fairyland of the Thousand Islands and enjoy the thrill of shooting the Rapids where in the Long Sault the steamer is hurried along at twenty miles an hour by the foaming waters, and reach Montreal, the commercial metropolis with memorials of the days when the continent was young.

Then on to Quebec, most historic city in the Dominion, where old and new mingle and French is spoken on every hand. Its associations with the navigators, Cartier, who took possession of Canada in the name of France, and Samuel de Champlain, first French Governor of Canada and founder of Quebec; the soldiers Montcalm, the surprised, and Wolfe, the victor, both of whom fell on the plain of Abraham, which gave Canada to the British; and La Salle, the explorer, who blazed many a trail in North America, will keep you engrossed. Try to find time, however, for a visit to the Montmorency Falls, not far out of Quebec, and the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, some twenty miles away.

WHERE THE MONTMORENCY RIVER THUNDERS TO MEET THE ST. LAWRENCE: The famous Montmorency Falls, one of the scenic wonders of Canada, lie 7 miles from the city of Quebec and are easily accessible

From Quebec to Tadoussac the steamer follows the north shore of the river in the shadow of the Laurentian mountain range. Rugged promontories and picturesque bays alternate and the salt air of the sea comes laden with the fragrance of pine and cedar. The steamer puts in at Murray Bay, Canada's most exclusive summer resort, and there are opportunities of visiting some of the delightful villages which seem to have been transplanted from Normandy. Farther down is the French village of Tadoussac, the oldest settlement in Canada, at the mouth of the sombre and silent Saguenay, into which the steamer now turns. There is a sense of mystery here. After mooring for the night at one of the places on the quaintly named Ha Ha Bay, the return journey in the morning sunshine presents the full majesty of Capes Trinity and Eternity. Under the triple tiered height of the former you will be treated to the traditional echoing of the siren blasts.

If there is time explore the rugged Gaspe peninsula. Only the coastline is inhabited, the interior being absolutely wild country. The Gaspe Belt Highway runs the whole way round the shore and goes out to the extreme tip of the peninsula, Cape des Rosiers.

You will want to see something of the capital of the Dominion, Ottawa, some 90 miles up from where the river of the same name joins the St. Lawrence. The government buildings towering above the river are very fine—the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill with its Book of Remembrance is a shrine for tourists. Now let us make for the Great Lakes, and join one of those luxurious and very efficient liners of the tideless seas at Detroit or Windsor. They sail up Lake Huron through the Soo locks and out upon romantic Lake Superior, the "Gitchee Gummee, Big Sea Water" of Hiawatha, to Port Arthur and Fort William, twin cities at the gateway of Canada's Golden West.

The farthest point reached is Duluth, second port of tonnage in the U.S.A. The city has preserved much of the splendour of its ancient woodland and you can climb 800 ft. up the crag on which Duluth is built to see the panorama of stately city, busy port, rolling countryside, and silver lake. From there you may elect to go back to the twin cities and push on to Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, and glorious Vancouver, not without coming under the spell of the Rockies. They are seen from afar as a delicately blue serrated rim, and as their lines become defined you realise that among them are peaks of Alpine character, rising well above the snow-line.

The primitive glory of cliff and precipice is but a step from the luxury of modern hotels. The National Park at Jasper one of twenty of various types and sizes in the Dominion is an immense mountain wilderness, big game sanctuary, and playground. At Banff is another, typical of the Central Rockies. They are not places to scamp, but a few chosen glimpses would be better than nothing at all.

Talking of parks is a reminder that the United States have an equal claim on my space, and if time does not permit the journey down the Pacific coast to San Francisco and the wonderful scenery of the Yosemite and the Grand Canyon Parks you can strike through from Duluth to Sully Hills Park in North Dakota and perhaps get as far as Yellowstone Park in Wyoming. You certainly cannot get all these places into the month you are allowed by the Atlantic shipping companies, for the distances are great, but one section might well be attempted.

New York is going to claim you for quite a long time, and you will want to become part of the humming life of the city, visit its shops, its places of entertainment, see something of its beautiful environs and its famous beach resorts. Not far away by American standards is Philadelphia, hailed as the shrine of liberty and a city of great charm. An hour's journey farther on is Atlantic City, one of the greatest seaside resorts in the States. Or from Philadelphia you can go on to Washington, and to my mind no traveller should return from America without going there.

Recent years have seen the evolution of a new Washington. The stately old buildings of the capital still stand, but new ones, vast in size and classic in design, have been erected. More than ever is it worthy of its reputation as a beautiful city. The Capitol, whose corner stone was laid by George Washington, is in the centre of the city, and behind its walls meet the Senate and the House of Representatives. The White House, the Lincoln memorial, in all its simplicity, the imposing shaft of the Washington memorial, white marble and more than 550 ft. in height, and the beautiful Folger Shakespeare Memorial Library are only a few of the sights.

The Southern States, Chicago, St. Louis, the Mississippi can stake strong claims to your attention, but perhaps I have given you ideas enough.

Beverley Brooke

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

HISTORIC QUEBEC: Looking towards the handsome Château Frontenac, one of the dominating buildings of this picturesque city lying on the St. Lawrence at the very gateway of Canada. Quebec has a large French-speaking population

FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ROYAL the visitor gazes down on the mighty buildings of Montreal spread out majestically along the shores of the St. Lawrence. It is a gay city, possessing much of the ebullience of Paris

Atlantic Holidays

NEW EXCURSION FARES
from £27 return

6,000 miles ocean voyage in a giant liner . . . . a holiday in U.S.A. and Canada is different . . . stimulating and surprisingly moderate in cost . . . rest, change, sea air . . . deck games, cinema, dancing on board . . . tempting menus and wonderful service . . . then the great adventure of exploring a new continent . . . where you are sure of a warm welcome . . . special excursion fares, tourist or third class . . . by all liners including R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, NIAGARA FALLS, ATLANTIC CITY, MONTREAL, TORONTO SAN FRANCISCO, VANCOUVER.

Write for illustrated booklet to your local office or agent, or Cunard White Star, Ltd., Liverpool, London.

Cunard White Star

'ATLANTIS'
SPRING AND SUMMER CRUISES

MAY 20. Sailing from Southampton to Algiers, Cannes, Naples, Amalfi, Palermo and Lisbon. **18 days from 31 gns.**

JUNE 10. From Southampton to Casablanca, Saffi (weather permitting) for Marrakesh, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira and Lisbon. **15 days from 26 gns.**

Also July 2, 15, 23 and August 12.

BY 'ALCANTARA' JUNE 3. Whitsun week-end cruise for Empire Exhibition, Glasgow. **5 days from 9 gns.**

Write for illustrated folders.

ROYAL MAIL

ROYAL MAIL LINES LTD., America House, Cockspur St., S.W.1 (Whitehall 9646), Royal Mail House, Leadenhall St., E.C.3 (Mansion House 0522) and Southampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow or Agents.

In Quest of

If You are Driving to Scotland Suggestions as to Where

THERE are various routes to Scotland by car, but there are three points at which all traffic ultimately crosses the Border—Gretna Green, Carter Bar, and Berwick-upon-Tweed. To reach any of these points from London entails a journey of varying distance, ranging from 300 to 340 miles, and when it is borne in mind that many will be travelling from the south of London and from even farther distances in the West Country, it may be helpful before we embark upon Scotland proper to enumerate briefly a few of the worthwhile halting places en route.

Ye Olde White Horse, Eton Socon (London, 51½ miles) on the Great North Road. Those who cannot get away until after business hours find this is a convenient halting place for dinner or for the night, if they are lucky enough to secure one of the five available rooms. Here, if ever, is an inn of character. Mrs. Langtry, who owns it, seems to have friends among all the most exciting sets of people in society. Hostesses, airmen, authors, and singers all flock to enjoy her hospitality, and it is easy to understand why. For here you have the best type of English inn—a picturesque old house, set at a strategic point on the main road, with not enough bedrooms to turn it into a "hotel". An admirable cellar, the most pleasant of lounges and a "Mine Hostess" who pleasantly imposes her charming personality, and crowns the amenities of her inn with her own hospitality.

The Old Bridge, Huntingdon (London, 59 miles). There are many "in the know" who make a point of diverting the mile or two to Huntingdon for a meal or for the night at the Old Bridge, owned by the well-known hotel family of Price. Here there are rooms to be had with or without private bathrooms and a menu and wine list which are above the average. Everybody who is anybody sooner or later forgathers at the Old Bridge, and apart from Scotland bound it is a good place to bear in mind for Newmarket race meetings. Here you can commiserate or celebrate nobly as the case may be.

Old England Hotel, Sutton on Trent (London, 133¼ miles). Between Newark and Retford, one mile off the Great North Road. Perfectly quiet. Quietly perfect. Very simple. Really comfortable, and the Pike family who run it feed you so well and make you feel so much at home that you add an extra star to the two the A.A. have given.

Harrogate.—The Majestic, the Grand, the Prince of Wales, the Cairn Hydro, the Granby, the Prospect, and a host of other first-class hotels. A strategic point indeed, 200 miles from London and 200 from Edinburgh. The wonder of it is that more motorists do not turn

LOCHALSH HOTEL KYLE of LOCHALSH

Open all the year

FACING THE ISLE OF SKYE. BEAUTIFUL RUGGED SCENERY. COMPLETELY REBUILT AND MODERN IN EVERY DETAIL.

RESTAURANT & SLEEPING CARS BY LMS

Arthur Towle, *Controller*, L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1

PERTHSHIRE—CASTLE HOTEL, GLENDEVON

A luxuriously appointed hotel with every modern convenience in the heart of the Perthshire Highlands and under the personal supervision of the Resident Directors. Altitude 850 ft. Situated in 7½ acres of own grounds. Gleneagles golf 15 mins., 9 hole course, 5 mins. Excellent loch and river fishing free. 15,000 acres of shooting. Fully licensed. Unrivalled position for motoring and walking.

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. *Telephone and telegrams Muckhart 27.*

A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., B.F.S.S. Hotel.

BRAEMAR—FIFE ARMS HOTEL

Patronised by Royalty and the Court.

The Heart of Highland Scenery, standing 1,150 ft. above sea level.
Every comfort—every luxury—perfect service.
H. and C. water in Bedrooms.
Golf—Tennis—Salmon Fishing—Mountaineering.

'Phone 214. **Appointed R.A.C., R.S.A.C., A.A.** *Manager: R. U. Shand.*

THE SPHERE REGISTER of SCOTTISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Abington.—Abington Hotel.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Braemar.—Invercauld Arms Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748-9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Telephone 3.
Lockerbie.—Lockerbie House Hotel.
Muchalls (nr. Aberdeen).—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Fisher's Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Stirlingshire.—Buchanan Castle.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.
Tyndrum.—Royal Hotel. Tel. 2.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

From London, here are Some to Stop en Route

off the Great North Road at Wetherby and stay there. The 15-mile diversion is well worth it.

Otterburn Hall Hotel, Northumberland (London, 300 miles).—An excellent place to stop at for those entering or leaving Scotland by Carter Bar. One night here is not sufficient; the grounds are so large that it takes two hours to walk round them alone. If you have your golf clubs, tennis and squash racquets, swim suit and fishing rod with you, you will find full use for all of them at Otterburn Hall.

And now for some hotels for the benefit of those who travel by western or midland routes to Scotland. Some from the south will find Oxford (London, 51¾ miles) a sufficient distance and sufficient excuse for stopping a night. Here there is the Mitre (a famous old coaching house) and the Randolph. Droitwich (London, 112 miles) is another suggestion. Recommended hotels are the Impney, the Raven, and the Worcestershire Brine Baths. At Shrewsbury (London, 151 miles), the Raven, a Honywood hotel; or, if you want a small place outside, the Mytton and Mermaid, Atcham. At Chester, the Grosvenor and the Blossoms; and now that there is the novelty and convenience of the Mersey Tunnel note should be made of Southport, stopping the night at either the Prince of Wales Hotel or the Royal.

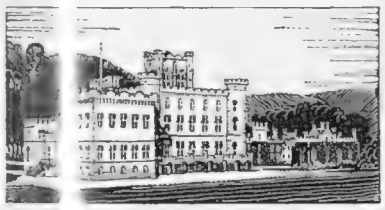
Southport (London, 209 miles) on the west is as conveniently placed as Harrogate on the east. If you are fond of dancing, arrange to reach Southport on a Saturday night, for the Saturday night dance at the Prince is always a gay affair.

From Southport the route lies through Lancaster to Carlisle, but there will be few who will not want to turn off to The Lakes, where there is a choice of good hotels. For a small one near Windermere make a note of the Wild Boar at Crook, or for one with a view overlooking Derwentwater, Langdale Chase. At Keswick there is a good choice: the Keswick Hotel, Armathwaite Hall, the Royal Oak, the Queens, the Borrowdale and the Lodore.

As these suggestions are by no means exhaustive I should be pleased to suggest to those who care to write, other places, subject to knowing the mileage that it is proposed to cover per day.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

CO 1E AND DANCE AT THE CASTLE!



Highland chieftains did battle from Taymouth Castle in feudal times. But to-day you can dance and dine here in all the comfort of a modern hotel. In the Castle's own 500 acres of riverside scenery, you can fish trout or salmon, play tennis and badminton, or golf on a course designed by Braid. Spend a week—or a week-end—here this summer.

TAYMOUTH CASTLE
HOTEL
ABERFELDY PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

PITLOCHRY
FISHER'S HOTEL
In own beautiful grounds amidst finest scenery in Perthshire Highlands. Ideal for Restful Holiday.
Central heating throughout. Large Public-Rooms. Garage. 18-Hole Golf Course 10 minutes walk. Terms on application. *Telephone No. 12—Address Manageress.*

OBAN
GREAT WESTERN HOTEL
R.S.A.C. A.A.**** R.A.C.
EVERYTHING THE MODERN TRAVELLER DEMANDS. GARAGE.
Telephone: Oban 4. Telegrams: "Western." K. A. W. SLATER, Resident Manager.

ROYAL HOTEL • • TYNDRUM
Tel.: Tyndrum 2 PERTHSHIRE
800 ft. above sea level. Situated in the Hill Country of the beautiful Western Highlands on the new Glencoe Road.
Shooting, Salmon and Trout fishing • • Mountaineering
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C. A. C. Stewart—Proprietor.

ABINGTON HOTEL
• FOR COMFORT COMPLETE
ABINGTON (Lanarkshire)
(37 miles from Glasgow, 35 ,, ,, The Exhibition, 39 ,, ,, Edinburgh)
H. and C. water throughout :: GARAGE :: Telephone: Abington 205

The Gateway to Good Golf . .
LUNDIN LINKS HOTEL
FIFE
Lundin Links are at our door and some of the world's finest courses, including St. Andrews, are our near neighbours. For full details of this first-class sporting hotel write to A. Muriset, Proprietor, or telephone Lundin Links 7.

LOCH LOMOND

FOR EMPIRE EXHIBITION GLASGOW Stay at
BUCHANAN CASTLE
(Seat of the Duke of Montrose)
Eighteen Miles from Exhibition
Eighteen Hole Championship Golf Course, Tennis, Fishing, all within a few miles of the Famous and Beautiful Trossachs.
Every Modern Convenience
For Tariff and Particulars apply Manageress, Buchanan Castle, Drymen, Glasgow.
Telephones: Drymen 6 and 51

LOCKERBIE HOUSE HOTEL
(25 miles North of Carlisle)
IS YOUR FIRST STOPPING PLACE IN SCOTLAND.
Phone: Lockerbie 150. *TARIFF ON APPLICATION.*

Right in the heart of romantic Scotland the
FOREST HILLS HOTEL
offers you all the amenities of an up-to-date hotel in the metropolis. Running water in every bedroom, and a cuisine that is above reproach. Golf. Motoring. Free Fishing. Telephone 210. Fully Licensed.
LOCH ARD — ABERFOYLE — PERTHSHIRE

THOUSANDS of Sassenachs will visit Scotland this spring . . . and at The Marine we are waiting to show them Scotland at her best. A first-class hotel with a high standard of comfort; good cooking and good company, showing Scottish hospitality at its best, three first-class golf-courses at our door and five more within a radius of five miles, sandy beaches and bathing . . . and a fine climate with an abnormally low rainfall, all await you at
THE MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE
EAST LOTHIAN - SCOTLAND
Moderate terms. Write now to H. Crichton for Booklet or 'phone: Gullane 106

PERTH—STATION HOTEL
(Adjoins Station)
100 Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Running Water. Central Heating Throughout
A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., V.M. appointments
Telephone: 741

THE STATION HOTEL, OBAN

Largest and most modern Hotel in West Highlands. 122 Rooms, Electric Light, Central Heating, Lift, Modern Bathrooms. All Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water. MODERATE CHARGES.
Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.
Telephone: 14.
Further Particulars apply Manageress.

ALWAYS A WELCOME AT
CREAGDHU HOTEL
ONICH
NORTH BALLACHULISH
THE MISSES FERNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A.
FOR A LOVELY HOLIDAY
On the main Glasgow-Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own garden produce. H. & C. water in all bedrooms. Bathing and Fishing for those who desire it. FULLY LICENSED.
Tel.: ONICH 38
Visitors ,, 37

BRAEMAR (By Balmoral).
Over 1,100 feet above sea level.
For a restful and magnificent Holiday. Situated amongst Scotland's finest Scenery.
THE INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL
Leading and Best.
Patronised by the Royal Family and the Court. 18-hole Golf Course. Tennis. Motor Garage.
Tel.: Braemar 203. H. & C. water throughout. Central Heating. *Resident Proprietor: J. GREGOR*

EDINBURGH THE ALISON HOTEL
Melville Crescent
Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service.
Centrally situated.
Telephone 31295 *Telegrams: Melcrest, Edinburgh*

Scotland's Hotel, Pitlochry
First-Class Family and Residential Hotel
Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Garage for 40 Cars.
Telephone: 39. *Telegrams: "Scotlands, Pitlochry."*
A.A., R.A.C and R.S.A.C. Appointments. S. W. Keeble, Manager.

QUEENS HOTEL

Leading Hotel in the West Country

Centre of Cotswolds

CHELTENHAM

Telephone: Cheltenham 3013

THE HONYWOOD HOTELS

SPRING FLOWERS . . . or the Cutty Sark? Ships in the Bay or wind on the heath? Romance? Sunshine? Golf? Sailing? All are here for the Spring visitor at

GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

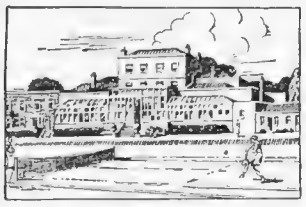
Private Pier. **Craft of all kinds for hire.**

Write to S. Baker for details. Tel.: Falmouth 440/1

A week-end at Folkestone?

—at a first-class hotel in a sunny, sheltered situation. Golf links 10 minutes' walk. Tennis, squash and badminton adjoining. Lift to all floors. Cocktail Lounge, private suites and bathrooms with softened water. Your comfort under the personal direction of the Resident Proprietor. Telephone 2666

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE



Avonmouth Hotel Amid four acres of well wooded private grounds, a sunny spacious hotel where modern comforts, good cooking and willing service all await you. All-the-year-round mildness and excellent facilities for sport. Bathing is safe and secluded in this pleasing old coastal retreat.

MUDEFORD *Near Christchurch, Hants.*

AN IDEAL CENTRE NEAR LONDON.

UPCROSS HOTEL, READING

A COUNTRY HOUSE OF CHARM IN DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS, NEAR RIVER THAMES AND WITHIN 40 MINUTES OF LONDON. EVERY MODERN COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. LOCK-UP GARAGES.

Write to the Resident Proprietors for Tariff and Illustrated Brochure.

R.A.C. Appointed. **TELEPHONE 3192**

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

First-class, overlooking Sea. Marine Shelter.

Running water.

Radiators and open fireplaces in all Bedrooms.

Self-contained Suites.

Rooms with private baths and toilets attached.

Billiards Lift

Vita Glass Sun Lounge

Lock-up Garages

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 11

The Principal Hotel in a fashionable town is The Prince—in fact, *the* social hub of the north-west. For your entertainment are theatres, concerts, and all manner of sport, including seven first-class golf courses within half-an-hour of our doors. Inside the Hotel, a high standard of luxury prevails, with an admirable cuisine and impeccable service.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

For full details of moderate tariff, write H. Gascoigne, Managing Director. Telephones: 4131.

NOT AN HOTEL . . . or a Guest House, but something distinctly different. A house that is very "liveable-in." No staff, rates, or taxes to bother with; a house where you can have a room which is more of a sitting room than a bedroom . . . or a luxury suite. A telephone in every room.

THE RED HOUSE EGERTON ROAD WEYBRIDGE

Half-a-mile from Weybridge Station. St. George's Hill Golf and Tennis Clubs. *Telephone 1550*

Week-end at

FERRING GRANGE HOTEL NR. WORTHING

A fully licensed country house Hotel twixt Downs and sea. Special week-end terms Friday dinner to Monday breakfast 35/-, or Saturday dinner to Monday, 25/-. Bring golf clubs, Squash racquet and Riding kit. Telephone: Goring by Sea 21.

Stay at lovely

KINMEL HALL

—THE RHEUMA SPA OF WALES

ABERGELE

Delightful Residential, Holiday and Spa Centre. Magnificent fifteenth century mansion—modernised. 1,000 acres of parkland; own golf course; near sea. All games. Riding, shooting, fishing, etc. etc.

SPA TREATMENTS—including famous Continental PISTANY MUD—under resident Medical supervision. Excellent cuisine. Special diets.

Brochure and terms from Secretary:

RHEUMA SPA LTD.

KINMEL HALL - ABERGELE - N. WALES

THE VENETIAN GARDEN

In Quest of

You Can Trust the Trust House in Doubt Regarding

THE season of touring has commenced, and from Easter onwards until the end of September there will be, given reasonable weather, a steady demand for accommodation in those hotels, inns, and guest houses which really study the needs of the modern traveller.

En passant, I would make a plea that the modern traveller should have some regard for the difficulties under which mine host of to-day has to work. It is not his fault that the licensing hours of this country are such that in one district the afternoon closing time may be 2 p.m. and in another 2.30. One hotelier of my acquaintance puts it very nicely by getting his staff to call out, instead of the peremptory "Time, Gentlemen, please," the bedrock truth "Act of Parliament, Gentlemen, please!"

And again, is it fair for the motoring public who arrive at 9 p.m. to demand and expect the dinner, which commenced at 7 p.m., to be still "on." No wonder the vegetables are soggy, the salmon dry, and the chicken "dead."

In the days of Dickens it was a different matter. The coach either arrived on time or not at all. But in these days how on earth can an hotelier be expected to provide a table d'hôte dinner to be "on tap"—to borrow a phrase from the bar—for two hours or more, and be in the dark as to whether three or thirty will turn up. If the hoteliers of this country laid it down that table d'hôte dinners were served from 7 p.m. to 8 p.m. only, the motoring public would soon learn to appreciate that after that hour something à la carte was infinitely preferable to a "once-upon-a-time" perfect dinner.

And one final point on behalf of hoteliers. Thousands of pounds are lost each year in the hotel world by those of the motoring public who phone up and reserve accommodation for the night, and never turn up. Of course, you may say, it is up to the hotelier to reserve the rooms only for a given time. And that is what he ought to do. On the Great North Road, in Scotland and in other places, there are often instances of a party of motorists reserving accommodation in an hotel, and never turning up, nor having the decency to phone and cancel the accommodation.

In spite of the hotel-keepers' daily trials of this sort, British hotels have improved out of all recognition in recent years, and if some of those which still rely solely on their historic attractions would bestir themselves, there would be few complaints about bad treatment.

The remedy lies in the hands of the motoring public. The more knowledgeable they become on the good hotels, the easier it will be for them to shun the bad; and once the latter find their trade slipping away, they will busy themselves to the necessities of modern comfort—or, more probably, sell out, and let more creative brains blend old-world charm with modern ideas of comfort.

These weekly articles, I have reason to believe, have helped in directing the touring public to worth-while hotels both large and small, for they are based on personal knowledge; and, whilst it is true that tastes differ, no hotel is mentioned in these columns unless it measures up to those four essentials of every hotel—good well-cooked food good beds, comfort, and cleanliness.

Naturally I have not as intensive knowledge of some parts of the country as of others. Consequently, when I receive inquiries for one of my "weak spots" I either—if I know of nothing myself—look up my record of places which have been recommended by people whose judgment I can rely on, or I turn to that most instructive book which I always carry in my car, *A Guide to Trust Houses.*

When the history of British hotels of our generation comes to be written, the Trust House organisation should occupy a noble place—not only for the standard of excellence that one can be assured of wherever one sees the familiar Trust House sign, but because the very existence of a Trust House in any neighbourhood results sooner or later in other hotels improving their status, too. One knows, all too well, that the standard of the individual hotel is dependent very often on the personality and efficiency of its host. Time and time again one comes across this place and that, which has changed hands for better or for worse; and whilst I, for one, would deplore the individuality of the inn diminishing, I do welcome the fact that, when in doubt, I can usually find a Trust House within reasonable range.

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager: OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone: Weybridge 1190.

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM, KENT

Half an hour from City and West End.

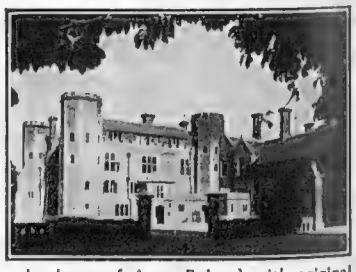
SPECIAL TERMS

(Until May 1st.)

REDUCTION 20%–25%

No alteration in Standard.

Illustrated brochure free on request.



An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.

FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).

Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

Good Hotels—II

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

—A Fact to Remember when Where to Put Up

The Earl of Lytton has contributed an able personal introduction to the Trust House guide, and I cannot do better than quote an extract from this, as it indicates so clearly what the Trust House sign stands for:

"But there are some things which are obvious to any traveller, and the outside of a house may fairly be said to indicate its approximate size. No one would suspect the two-storeyed white-washed inn of concealing private suites and electric lifts! But the Trust House sign tells the very thing about a house which the outside does not reveal.

"It means, first, that of its kind the house is the best possible; next, that the manager will always at any hour provide a meal; and, thirdly, that he will take as much trouble about the service of that meal as about the management of his bar. It stands again for the most scrupulous cleanliness—for clean and often-renewed covers and curtains and paint, and no less for cleanliness in the kitchen. And its most perilous significance, since fulfilment depends so much upon human temper, is that the small, personal courtesies, which make the difference between the reception of a guest in a boarding-house and in the house of a friend, shall be extended to all comers."

Of course there are times when things go wrong—even in Trust Houses, for the human element has always to be reckoned with. But, whilst in the individual hotel there may be no redress there is always—in the case of a Trust House—an "appeal unto Caesar," that is to head office.

From my personal knowledge the Trust House organisation is ever anxious to give effect to any suggestions for the improvement of its houses. Some, they will admit, are not so up to date as others. But the Trust House sign sets a standard, whether it hangs outside the inn in a village street or the large hotel in the centre of a town. In all Trust Houses, whatever their size, there is an identical style. The same meal can be got at the same price in every Trust House. A short lunch, if need be, at 1s. 6d. for three courses. Afternoon tea at 1s. 3d. A short dinner of three courses for 3s. or 3s. 6d., or a full dinner in accordance with the size and standing of the particular house.

Another advantage of the Trust House system is that the *en pension* visitor at any Trust House can take the short lunch, tea, or short dinner at any other Trust House within range without extra charge, by getting a coupon from the reception office before setting out for the day. Very convenient for the visitor in the Isle of Wight staying at the Trust House at Ventnor, the Royal, to be able to go over to Yelfs, the Trust House at Ryde, and vice versa. Or as another illustration, stay at that delightful Trust House the Metropole at Padstow, and lunch or tea at King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel, the Royal at Bideford or Barnstaple, or one of the Trust Houses on Dartmoor.

The residential aspect of Trust Houses and the opportunity for interchange of meals opens up quite fresh ideas on hotel life. Take the Berystede at Ascot, the Wellington at Tunbridge Wells or the Granville at Bexhill—some of the "upper ten" amongst Trust Houses. Here you can live under first-class hotel conditions, and when you want to go for a day's outing by the aid of the Trust House guide, get free meals, and very often history thrown in.

Amongst the 202 Trust House chain, there is much of absorbing historical interest. The Swan at Lavenham, Suffolk, dating back to the fifteenth century; the Speech House Hotel in the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire, where in the seventeenth-century court room the Forest Verderers still hold their Attachment Courts; the George at Crawley, with its famous gallow signs; the Star at Alfriston, linked up with smuggling days.

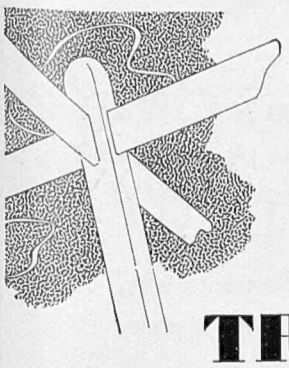
I think I have said enough to indicate the many possibilities of "Touring by Trust House". Mark you, I would not have it that every hotel should be a Trust House. There are towns where the individuality of one hotel-keeper may appeal to me more than the characteristics of the group. But I do repeat that Trust Houses have done, and are doing, a great service to the hotel industry, to the motoring community, and to those whose lot it is to reside permanently in hotels. And for myself, I shall always adhere to my axiom "When in doubt stop at a Trust House."

Moderate terms now include FREE GOLF, SQUASH AND TENNIS

Unrivalled sea view and Rock Garden 3 acres Grounds ONE MINUTE from MARINE SPA, PIER, and MAIN SHOPS Central heating radiators, electric fires and H. & C. in all bedrooms.

Visitors to Park Hall tell us they like the congenial atmosphere—sunshine without, warmth within. The hotel is exceptionally comfortable facing due south with wonderful sea views from all windows. All beds fitted box springs. Vita glass sun lounge. Covered veranda. Some first floor rooms have private terraces. Special diets if required. Garage. Write for Illustrated Brochure P., or 'phone 3434.

PARK HALL HOTEL
TORQUAY



202 HAPPY HALTS

FOR YOUR TOUR. You can eat every meal in a different hotel, sleep in another county, and still enjoy Trust House service all through your tour. Touring Terms prepare your welcome wherever you go. *Trust House guide with full information sent free—Trust Houses Ltd., Planning Dept., 81a Piccadilly, London, W.1.*

Wherever you go — stay at a

TRUST HOUSE

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel.324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford (Hants.).—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC)
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

EUROPE'S INTERNATIONAL TRAMPS

(Continued from page 144)

It also breeds spies of a type hard to track down. One does not refer to the secret agents that foreign totalitarians cunningly inject into the refugee flow from their shores. Rather to the practice of such regimes holding grim menaces over the heads of outcasts unless these agree to work for the secret service of the country from which they've been driven. And recollect the high intellectual qualities of so many of the outcast company.

For others the only way out is suicide. "Here am I" (declared a desperate one recently) "in a foreign land, hounded from home and position, robbed of my inheritance, without rights or redress, compelled to live on my wits as best I can. I have done no wrong. Charity I would neither solicit nor accept. There is only one solution. If I cannot live I shall have to die. It may be against the English law, but the responsibility would not be mine."

As good a solution as any, for the "human tennis balls," is that of signing on permanently on tramp or other steamers and continuously circling the seven seas. Great care, however, has to be taken by such cruising Stateless ones lest they overstay their refugee time limit ashore, even by an hour, or it will be prison.

How relatively simple a section of the work of succour might be is shown by Mr. Hansson's success in helping victims to set up in small businesses or positions. In the past four years, on an average grant of £12 per head, a thousand refugees have each year been able to create enterprises ranging from butchers shops to beauty parlours. All told, no fewer than 121,000 cases were dealt with by the Nansen Office last year. Yet this total only refers to certain countries, no provision having ever been made for refugees from Italy, Austria, Hungary, the Balkan States, Poland, Portugal, Danzig, and now Spain is being added to the list.

To conclude on a less sombre note, there is one aspect which Americans especially have recognised as beneficial. Under the heading "Thank You, Dictators!" a prominent New York magazine latterly dwelt on the rare talent that is percolating into the United States, thanks to the hounding of refugees in Europe; the sort of thing that happens, let us say, when on the same day Elisabeth Bergner, Paul Czinner, and Conrad Veidt take steps to become naturalised Britons.

In effect, a rarefied and lucky few—though the merest handful—are making good as outcasts. Some names that readily come to mind: ex-Chancellor Bruening, Madariaga, Count Sforza, Emile Ludwig, Remarque, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Einstein, Ipatieff, and Chichibabin (Oxford professors), Feuchtwanger, Arnold Zweig, Toscanini (self-exiled), Bruno Walter, Max Reinhardt, Sikorsky (giant aeroplane designer), Luise Rainer, Vicki Baum, Paderewski, Prince Loewenstein, Ernst Toller. Nearly all these write, and the title of a prospective book by one of their number, Erica Mann, conveys the luck they've had in getting away: *Escape to Life*.

PARIS PREPARES . . . *(Cont. from page 159)*

design of which blue is the dominating colour, on an apricot ground. The curtains will be of blue taffeta to repeat the colour of the design.

The King's rooms will contain furniture of the first Empire that was used by Napoleon. The walls will be hung with rich gold ottoman silk shot with red, and the curtains will be royal red taffeta shot with gold. The massive mahogany bed is decorated with a design of oak leaves, carved and gilded. It comes from the Palace of Fontainebleau, where it was used by Napoleon.

He will also use Napoleon's desk in mahogany with massive carved claw feet and decorated with gilded sea horses, winged thunderbolts, and stylised leaf designs that are characteristic of First Empire decoration. The chair that accompanies the desk is a massive affair of mahogany with carved lion's feet, to be upholstered in royal red morocco leather to match the top of the desk and the curtains. The chairs of his apartment will be upholstered in Genoa velvet in shades of red, green, and gold. His rooms will contain royal Aubusson carpets of the Napoleonic era in brilliant colouring. His bathroom will be black and gold with the bath in gold mosaic.

BOOKS RECEIVED

B. B. C.—B. B. C. HANDBOOK, 1938. 1s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER.—SAILING IN A NUTSHELL. By Patrick Boyle. Illustrated. 5s. BELL.—JUNE BOOKINGS. By Augustus Baker. 7s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—NEWS OF ENGLAND OR A COUNTRY WITHOUT A HERO. By Beverley Nichols. 7s. 6d. CASSELL.—THE LIFE OF LORD DARLING. By Derek Walker-Smith. Illustrated. 18s. COLLINS.—THE WHISPERING GALLERY OF EUROPE. By Major-General A. C. Temperley. 15s. CONSTABLE.—UNTO CAESAR. By F. A. Voigt. 10s. HERE'S WHY. By Frank Collins. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—SUICIDE: A Social and Historical Study. By Romilly Fedden. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. UNHANDSOME CORPSE. By Sarah Campion. 7s. 6d. DENT.—MODERN ENGLAND AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN. By Cicely Hamilton. 7s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—SICILY. THE GARDEN OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Francis M. Guercio. Illustrated. 15s. CHINA ONLY YESTERDAY. By Innes Jackson. Illustrated. 9s. GOLLANCZ.—ON THE TOP OF THE WORLD: The Soviet Expedition to the North Pole, 1937. By L. Brontman. Edited with a Foreword by Academician O. J. Schmidt. Illustrated. 16s. ROBERT HALE.—OURSELVES AND GERMANY. By the Marquess of Londonderry, K. G. 5s. MURDER IN SWITZERLAND. By Edmund Snell. 7s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—THE WORLD OF ACTION: The Autobiography of Valentine Williams. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HURST & BLACKETT.—A TROOPER IN THE "TINS": Autobiography of a Life-guardsman. By R. A. Lloyd. 12s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—THE MALINSAY MASSACRE. By Dennis Wheatley and J. G. Links. 3s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—HERE ARE MY LECTURES. By Stephen Leacock. 7s. 6d.

Great concern has been exercised in the choice of the hangings for the rooms to be occupied by the Queen's ladies in waiting. Regretting that it was impossible to know whether these ladies would be blonde or brunette, and what was their personal taste, M. Janneau set himself the task of discovering what would be the colour most likely to appeal to them all. After exhaustive tests it was decided that the shade most generally becoming is a delicate grey-blue, so taffeta is being woven at Lyon in this colour with a tiny flower design and infinitesimal dots, lightened with touches of beige.

Louis XVI beds and furniture in white and gold with pale blue taffeta upholstery will decorate these rooms, which all overlook the garden.

The King's Marshal (Maréchal du Roi — Lord Chamberlain?) has a room decorated in the manner of the First Empire with a mahogany and gilded bronze bed and furniture, upholstered in crimson damask patterned with small gold roses. The walls of his room will be painted cream and the curtains will be of crimson taffeta with woven satin stripes of the same colour.

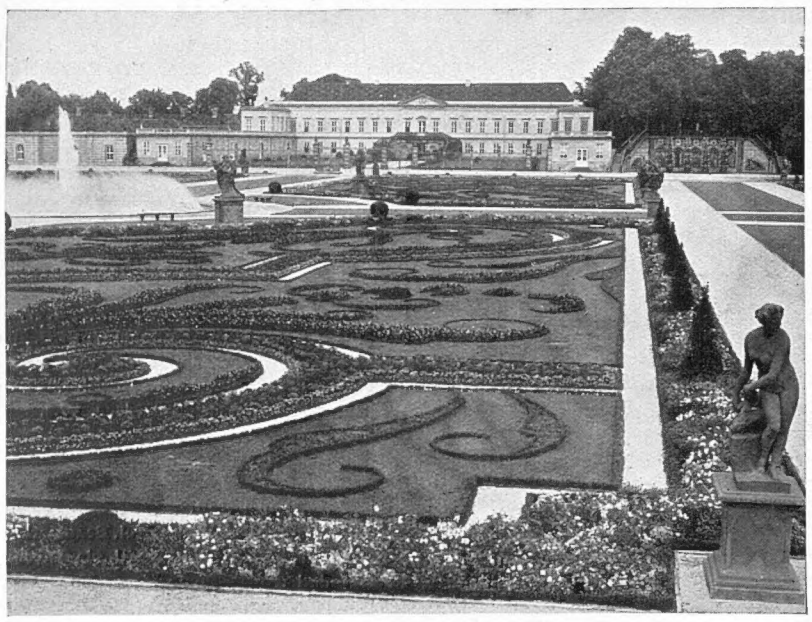
The rooms of the King's secretaries, gentlemen in waiting, and his equerries will also be furnished in First Empire and Directoire styles with the decorations in red and gold.

Exquisite tapestries illustrating the history of France will decorate the grand staircase leading to the royal apartments. Five official drawing rooms will be hung with crimson brocade, and the Salon de la Rotonde with its Aubusson tapestries will have curtains of rose and beige brocade in a flower pattern. Its furniture will be upholstered in gold Genoa velvet with a flower pattern.

Everything is being prepared to surround our sovereigns with the finest examples of French art and French workmanship. And nothing could be more eloquent of the good feeling towards an allied nation than the pride and pleasure that are expressed by all who are taking part in the preparations for the welcome of Their Majesties.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

St. George's Day. 1843-1938. This year marks the ninety-fifth anniversary of the founding of this old-established Society, which has been helping homeless, destitute, orphaned and other poor children, bringing hope into often hopeless lives, and providing them with a home in deed as well as name. At the present moment some 1,200 children are under the Society's care in addition to the 34,169 who have gone forth into the world, fitted to take up the tasks which lie ahead of them. Funds are most urgently needed to carry on the work to the fullest extent. Please send donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



A VISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth while when one is in Germany. It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain, which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

Information and Literature through

GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU, 19, REGENT ST., S.W.1
And through the VERKEHRSVEREIN, PRINZENSTR, 5, HANOVER

"Veebex" LEATHER

"Veebex" Leather is not only stout and waterproof but it is remarkably smart in appearance and unusually pliable. It is the perfect leather for the uppers of Golf and Walking Shoes and it gives complete foot comfort during years of wear.

Obtainable from all good shoe shops or in the well-known "Oral" and "Royal and Ancient" brands.

Look for the "Veebex" tie-on label.

Wm PAUL LTD
OAK TANNERY
LEEDS

for Style & Comfort in GOLF SHOES

READ "RAPIER" ON RACING

each week in The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS & BOOKSTALLS—Every Friday

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.,

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Imperial.—Exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season, April 15 to October 15. Prospectus.

Franzensbad.—
Hotel Königsvilla.—
The Leading Hotel.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Jubilé, 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Private suites.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.—
Pavillon Eden Roc.
Unique situation between Cannes and Nice.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—The Empress.—Sunniest Hotel. 1st cl. Very comfortable. Cntrl. Grden. Rms with bath. Suites. New mgmt. Frm 3½ gns.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, swim. Incl. frm 110 frs., with bath frm 135 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated 1934. Open all the year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date—facing Casino—sea view—open all the year. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—
Brenner's Stephanie.—
The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 5. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garage.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Frankfurt-on-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left ex. of Central Station. 300 beds. From RM. 4.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7–9.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich.—Hotel Grünwald.—
Opposite central station. 300 beds.
Every comfort. Bierstube.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—
(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Rome.—Eden Hotel.—First class, in an excellent location overlooking park. Roof Garden.

SWITZERLAND.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.—Delight, home-like atmos. All cmfts. and amenities. Renowned cuisine. Diet. Inclusive terms from 12s. 6d.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Grand Hotel Palace.—Unrvald sit. on lake. Quiet yet cntrl. Open-air restaurnt. Large pk. Own ten. court.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Lloyd Hotel.—Directly on the lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11 50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Montreux.—The Excelsior has the best sitn. on Lake.—1st cl.—110 rms. all South. Recmd. for a stay all year round. Personal attention.

Spiez.—Strand-Hotel Belvédère.—Excellent hotel in unrivalled position on the Lake of Thun. Pension from Frs. 9. J. Th. Dorer.

When you go to

PARIS or

BERLIN

You are invited to make use of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS reading rooms where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the dispatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

PARIS: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées. **BERLIN:** 32 Kurfürstendamm

Approved by doctors
Famous for 50 years
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
RENDELLS

Come to

CANADA

Niagara Falls

For **A HOLIDAY OF AMAZING CONTRASTS**

Any one of Canada's varied attractions alone make a satisfying holiday. Add them together and your cup of holiday enjoyment is full to overflowing. Each of the nine provinces offers the traveller something unique—something different. The east is unlike the west. The wealth of variety keeps you thrilled from the time you arrive till the time you leave. And you can enjoy all the comforts of modern luxury travel by railway, highway, waterway or air. Canadians, too, will interest you—their vitality and zest of living. Be Canada's guests this summer. It will cost you far less than you expect.

East The Maritimes, St. Lawrence, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Great Lakes and the myriad lakeland playgrounds.

West Winnipeg, the rolling prairies, the mile-high playgrounds of the Rockies, Vancouver, Victoria, the Pacific coast.

Canada's National Parks.

Twenty-two great playgrounds alive with wild life of every description, and varying in scenic beauty from the majestic mountain ranges of the Rockies to the bathing beaches of the Maritimes. The parks and reserves cover an area of 30,000 square miles—one-third the size of Britain. They contain over 3,000 miles of trails and motor roads.

Consult your Steamship or Travel Agent, or write to:

Canadian
TRAVEL BUREAU
Office of the High Commissioner for Canada
CANADA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1.

OLD TALES RETOLD . . . "The Devon Boy who Became a Gypsy King"

Written and Illustrated by FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.

"The dignity of this position exempted him from being a militant beggar, but a life of indolence was not made for him, and he resumed his enterprises more eagerly than ever before.

This time, however, fortune ceased to smile upon him, for he fell into a trap that taxed his moral and physical energies heavily.

One day passing through Barnstaple, he paid a visit to a Mr. Robert Ingleton. As he was ushered in, the door was immediately closed behind him, and he was arrested. Judge Lethbridge, who had an unextinguishable grudge against the gypsies in general, and Carew in particular (on account of the latter having once frightened his horse), had for a long time been watching for an opportunity to revenge himself. Guards were at once posted around the house to prevent Bampfylde's escape.

Like lightning the news spread abroad and the house of the judge was besieged by people of every class who came to intercede on Carew's behalf. Many smart and beautiful women undertook the task of mollifying the stern judge with their engaging smiles, but the latter's advanced age evidently rendered him quite incorruptible. A warrant was drawn up to convey the prisoner to Exeter. Here he was condemned to extradition for seven years. . .

The blow was as terrible as it was unexpected. The separation from his beloved wife was all the more painful as he was already the father of two little girls that he loved most tenderly. Nor could the increasing crowd of sympathisers that visited him compensate the cruelty of such a separation.

He was brought on board a vessel bound for Maryland. . .

The news of Carew's whereabouts filled the Captain with malignant joy. He immediately sent a long-boat to fetch him back. He had not forgotten that on leaving England, he had overheard Carew promising a friend that he would be back in England before him. So he lost no opportunity of taking his revenge.

As Carew walked into his presence, he ordered him to strip. The boatswain was ordered to fetch the cat o' nine tails, and Carew was tied up. This humiliating and cruel punishment not only awoke in Carew a wave of hatred such as he had never felt for anyone before, but proved to him how useless it was to be honourable with some people. For of his own free will he had walked into the hands of his tormentor.

Still quivering with pain, he was submitted to a fresh humiliation as inhuman as the first. He was dragged ashore, and taken to a blacksmith where a heavy iron collar was riveted around his neck. That was another amenity that the law inflicted on runaway slaves.

Within a few days, the ever-happy Carew that everyone had known, always full of joviality and wit, had acquired the dejected and pitiful appearance of the man morally and materially crushed. He was given the task of loading and unloading constantly under the whip and surveillance of the slave driver.

He had almost lost the power of thinking, when one day Captain Avery and Captain Hopkins approached him. They were the two friends who had tried to redeem him at Newtown. To see this man for whom they had conceived such a high respect reduced to such a condition, touched them so deeply, that they decided not to leave a stone unturned until Carew had made good his escape.

The law punished with a fine of forty pounds anyone who helped a runaway slave to take off the iron collar, so they told him if they succeeded in arranging for his escape, he should travel with his collar on as far as that region inhabited only by Indians. They would take it off without difficulty or danger.

A little persuasion, together with a few bribes, and Carew, hiding the brutal iron ring with a piece of cloth, went further and further from the centre where European civilisation was taking root. . .

For several days he walked towards the interior of the country scanning the ground for a path revealing human traffic. His provisions were already exhausted when at last he saw a small congregation of Indians with long flowing hair, wearing multi-coloured feathers. Were they friends or wild murderous dwarfs? Quivering with trepidation he approached and to his great relief he saw that they were armed with rifles. That was a sign of civilisation.

As soon as they saw him they surrounded him, and from the expression on their faces he gathered their friendly disposition. He was brought before the Chief, a splendid specimen of that virile race, who, without hesitation, set himself the task of relieving Carew from that terrible torture he carried around his neck. A saw had to be purposely constructed, and after considerable labour the ring was forced open.

For many weeks Carew enjoyed the hospitality of the Indians. Amongst these simple people he had no need to lie, no need of disguise, no need to be on the defensive. They had offered him food and protection, yet he was homesick, and not wishing his host to know it, he refrained from showing it.

So one day, during one of those festivals when dances were in progress around the fire and peace pipes were passing from lip to lip, he cautiously crept away and made his way towards the river where he jumped in a canoe and paddled away, his mind fixed on the memory of his beloved country, his wife and his little daughters.

He landed at Newcastle in Pennsylvania. As soon as he got in contact with civilised people he had to resume the various masks of his normal profession without which he could not hope to return to his native country.

From place to place disguised as a Quaker he made friends with many and fooled many others. He reached Philadelphia exploiting anyone he could and stage by stage, reached New York, then a settlement of only 7,000 inhabitants. By this time he was already so far from his enemies that he resumed his own name.

Through an intricate complication of stratagems and lies, he succeeded in securing a berth on a boat. With a needle he pricked his skin and with a medicinal substance he irritated it, imitating the symptoms of smallpox. This clever idea gave him the chance of being left in peace and avoided by everyone. He kept up the farce during the entire voyage, and when he went ashore at Bristol he was still wrapped in a blanket, keeping up the appearance of a deplorable object of compassion and pity. . . ."

. . . an entertaining story written and magnificently illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I. — read it all in the April issue of "Britannia and Eve"

YOU'LL ENJOY THESE STORIES, TOO

"THE HEEL OF THE TYRANT": *by Anthony Gibbs*
"SEQUEL": *by Holloway Horn*
"POOR MISS ERICA": *by John Guthrie*
"YOUTH MUST BE SERVED—SOMETIMES": *by Christine Jope-Slade*
"TATTENHAM CORNER": *by Edwin Rutt*

THESE ARTICLES . . .

"REPORTER AT LARGE": *by Negley Farson*
"THE FLOWER FARMERS OF BRITAIN": *by Joan Woolcombe*
"ETON—TRAINING GROUND FOR DIPLOMATS": *by Godfrey Lias*
"SCIENCE SHAPES TO-MORROW'S BIGGER WORLD": *by C. Patrick Thompson*
"THE VILLAGE HALL—ITS PLACE IN COUNTRY LIFE": *by Geoffrey Holdsworth*
"WOULD YOU BE A SAILOR'S WIFE?": *by Lieut.-Comdr. Kenneth Edwards*
"SPECIAL SPRING MOTOR SECTION": CONDUCTED *by the Earl of Cardigan*

AND A COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION Section . . .

PARIS FASHIONS: *by Jean Burnup*
THE SECOND THREE MONTHS IN THE GARDEN: *by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde*
TREASURE HUNT: *by Winifred Lewis*
HOW THE OLD PLACE HAS CHANGED: *by Baseden Butt*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by Chrysis*
A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A HOSTESS HOUSEWIFE
BE FRIENDS WITH YOUR RELATIONS

FICTION - FASHION - BETTER HOUSEKEEPING
BOOKS - DRAMA - MOTORING - ALL ARE INCLUDED IN

BRITANNIA AND EVE

Of all Newsagents & Bookstalls—One Shilling

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4—*April* 23, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.